

"Buy a pearl necklace, sir?" he whined. "Only two shillings, sir; 'elp a fellow to get a night's lodgings, sir."

Fred waved the man angrily aside, but Joe was touched by the man's appeal. "Here's two bob. Give me the necklace, it'll do for a kiddie."

"Why?" asked Fred.
 "Why! Because there must have been more than one person concerned in a big haul like that," went on Joe.
 "I suppose you are right," said his friend. "By the way, you'd better be

urgently: if you've a spare room you could take us to for a minute or two, I'd be obliged." They were shown into a private apartment, where Joe put his hand mysteriously into his pocket and drew out the row of cheap pearls he

Next Week: "THE INSIDE STORY OF A BIG COUP."

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NEXT WEEK:—The great American and British success, "I WISH I COULD SHIMMY LIKE MY SISTER KATE."

AMUSEMENTS.

LYRIC THEATRE. THE BOOGY OPERA. Nightly, 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. SAVOY. AT 8.15. Mat. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. PITT CHATHAM. LILLIAN DAVIES.

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MUSIC, PLAYS AND PICTURES



EX-MILL HAND AS DRAMATIST.

BRIGHT NEW COMEDY OF VILLAGE LIFE.

By OUR DRAMATIC CRITIC.

We have many things for which to be grateful to the Everyman Theatre. It has introduced the works of Shaw to the younger generation of playgoers, and made us acquainted with more than one new and interesting dramatist. The latest find of the Hampstead management is James H. Maresca, a Yorkshireman, who was a mill-hand until the lure of the theatre compelled him to give up an industrial career. He is now the manager of the Leeds Industrial Theatre, and has written a comedy of Yorkshire life which shows him to be a playwright of more than ordinary promise.

"T. Maresca" is one of the best plays the Everyman Theatre has given us. It is a delightful comedy of life in a small Yorkshire town, and is full of wit, humor, sincerity, and kindly satire. The trouble in the Maresca household is concerned with the proposition to hold a life class in the local art school. Although the chapel and its authorities are against the scheme, the minister, who is out for broadening the minds of his flock, is in favour of it. The "battle" is made more exciting when it is found that one of the Maresca family is the prospective model. It is here the fight takes a personal turn, and if it ends with the complete overthrow of the minister and the cancelling of the life class, the town has been taught a lesson and much laughter has attended the bother.

CO-OPERATION.

Roy Horniman's "Love in Pawn" is now being run on co-operative lines by its leading players. The piece was to have been withdrawn, but it was felt that so promising a play should be kept going if possible, in order to give employment to many who would otherwise be workless. A second visit to the Kingsway found an audience much amused by the shrewdness of the Jewish characters, and as equally interested in the serious question of intermarriage of Jew and Christian. "Love in Pawn" is certainly a play which should be seen.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

As the last production of the season, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been revived at the Old Vic with much success. The company manage to get every ounce of fun out of the comedy. Even the embroglio of the lovers is treated with a sense of humor, and, of course, the players' scenes are full of fun and laughter. John Garside's Peter Quince is an admirable effort. Florence Buckton's Hermia also stands out for praise, and the Puck of Hay Petrie, albeit in make-up was much too sinister for Robin Goodfellow, who is much more of an impish sprite than a satyr. If only the fairies and the fairy scenes had been less heavy, "The Dream" would easily have been Robert Atkins' best effort of the season.

STRENUOUS WORK.

"R.U.R." seems to have caught on at the St. Martin's. The piece is the most original and interesting production London has seen for a long while. What strenuous work it must be for all concerned. One of the Robots, with but little to say, confesses to being tired out at the end of the scene in the last act. The leather garments in which the automata are encased, and the jerky unnatural movements, combine to make their brief entrances very exhausting. How

much more tiring, however, it must be for the five members of the cast who sustain through two acts an atmosphere of horror and suspense! No wonder, when I saw the play again the other night, they looked stupefied up to breaking-point when they took their call after the third act.

A BARRIE REVIVAL.

Before the month is out there is to be seen a revival of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," at the Apollo, with Geoffrey Warrle in the role created by Gerald du Maurier, and Lady Tree and Hilida Trevelyan in their original parts. It will be interesting to see how this early play of the author of "Dear Brutus" will please the present generation. I remember it as a delicious comedy, and cannot imagine its humor or its plot will ever be old-fashioned. The Marie Wylies of the world, with their unobtrusive understanding of their menfolk, are for all time, and a play concerned with any one of them cannot be dated.

ACTRESS AS PLAYWRIGHT.

Connie Ediss, the popular comedienne, who is to appear to-morrow at the Palladium in a new sketch by Kettle Howard, is trying her hand at play-writing. Already the first act is finished, and if the story of Laura Lock, a crazy American woman detective, is ever finished—and it is to be hoped that Miss Ediss will contrive more of her adventures—it will be a thrilling and startling affair. Miss Ediss, by the way, is playing one of her familiar Cockney parts, in the new sketch, which is called "An Order to View."

GREENROOM CHATTER.

"The Merry Widow" returns to her Old Home. The last performance at Daly's of "The Lady of the Rose" takes place on Saturday next. On the following Saturday (Whit Saturday), "The Merry Widow," fresh from a triumphal tour, will open at Daly's.

Big Business at the Lyceum.—Those who have said that real, live drama is more or less effete should stop and think, if they can find room just now to the Lyceum. They would be, I venture to say, most agreeably surprised, for "A Night of Temptation" is, in professional vernacular, "packing the house." The run of the piece, however, will have to be limited, owing, as we first stated in these columns some months ago, to Bransby Williams being due in June to play a season of "David Copperfield," prior to his sailing for Canada.

"Ned Kean" at Drury Lane.—From what I recollect of the version of Mr. Arthur Shirley's "Ned Kean" of Old Drury, which was given a trial run at a suburban theatre some time back, there should be the promise of a fine entertainment when that play is produced at Drury Lane on Wednesday next. I understand it will be splendidly mounted. There are some 26 speaking parts, and the action passes through and round about pretty Devon lanes in an old inn at Dorchester, and Drury Lane Theatre. H. A. Saintsbury will represent Edmund Kean, while it is interesting to note William Farren will play Doctor Drury.

The Marionette Players.—The Marionette Players at the Scala will produce for the first time in this country, on Friday next, Rossini's comic opera "The Magpie" ("La Zingarella"). and Perrotti's "Puss in Boots," with music by Cesar Cul.

The late C. M. Workman.—All lovers of Savoy opera will be sorry to hear of the death of Charles Henry Workman. He was buried at sea while on his way back to Australia with his company, on the conclusion of a Far East tour. For over 21 years he was the leading comedian with the Gilbert and Sullivan company on tour. His last appearance in London took place in 1912. Prior to that he appeared in "The Mountaineers" at the Savoy, but he did not make a remarkable success in this rather clever work. Mr. Workman had a pleasant personality, and was much liked by his fellow actors.

PICTURE THEATRES.

NEW OXFORD THEATRE. "The Sign of Four." Nightly, at 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. **NEW OXFORD THEATRE.** "The Sign of Four." Nightly, at 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. **NEW OXFORD THEATRE.** "The Sign of Four." Nightly, at 8.15. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Who is the Most Popular Actress?—An interesting discussion to all playgoers has been taking place in the columns of our contemporary, "The Bystander." The question is, "Who is England's most popular actress?" To settle the controversy the proprietors of that artistic paper have selected a list of candidates submitted to them by a special committee who "should know." They represent 22 of our leading lady lights of the stage, and cash prizes to the value of £400 will be given to the actress who succeeds in giving correctly or most nearly correctly a list of ten actresses in the order chosen by the majority to be the most popular.

SHERLOCK HOLMES THRILL.

FILM VERSION OF "THE SIGN OF FOUR."

A thrill from beginning to end is a good description of Maurice Elvey's screen version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Sign of Four," which was privately shown at the Alhambra. It would be less for me to say that I have thoroughly enjoyed previous Sherlock Holmes films. I always knew the solution, and so my interest was handicapped. "The Sign of Four," however, is so thrilling and so exciting that previous knowledge does not lessen one's pleasure. It is a fine entertainment, and should draw crowded houses wherever it is shown.

"The House that Jazz Built."—Domestic discord caused by affluence is the amusing theme of "The House that Jazz Built," a "Realist" picture featuring Wanda Hawley, which is due for release to-morrow. The outstanding feature of the film is the extraordinary demonstration of "make-up" given by Miss Hawley, who from being a slim and active young woman, develops into a bloated and indolent one, "putting on" in the process sixty pounds in weight and almost losing her husband into the bargain. How she gets back to wedding-day proportions, with her husband, and completes the "villainess" is exceedingly good fun.

Hunting Big Game.—The record of a trip which lasted two years, during the course of which 50,000 miles were traversed, has resulted in an exciting film which is being shown during the week at the London Pavilion. "Hunting Big Game" is a thrilling entertainment in which the principal actors are some fifty distinct species of wild animals photographed in their native haunts. Particularly interesting are the views of penguins enjoying a morning dip, a wonderful parade of balloons, a herd of caribou, and some views of the famous De Beers diamond mines. The last performance takes place next Sunday evening at 7.30.

Colour Line in Boxing. A film which should prove of interest is the Walter West production, "The White Hope," which will be released to-morrow. The interesting feature of this picture is the fact that it introduces the much discussed topic of the boxing ring, black v. white, and also that this is the second time the story had been filmed. Stewart Rome appears in the title role, in order that there should be no fake in the fight ring. Rome was coached by one of Carpenter's late sparring partners, and he trained seriously for six weeks before the film was taken. Violet Hopson appears in her original part and so do Lionel Howard, Frank Watson and John McAndrews.

Cast of 8,000.—A distinguished audience is expected at the Alhambra on Friday next, when "Whom the Gods Would Destroy" will be seen for the first time in Great Britain. Over eighteen months went spent in making this picture; 8,000 are in the cast. The British Navy, in anything but a silent mode, also figures largely.

"Perpetua."—The film version of Dion Clayton Calthrop's novel "Perpetua," will be released to-morrow. It is interesting in that the exterior of the circus scenes were filmed in the little French town of Cannebren's aux, while the interiors, showing the sawdust ring, clowns, elephants, etc., were taken on Hampstead Heath, where a large tent was erected and an "audience" of 600 gathered at 3 o'clock one morning. The play actors are Ann Forest and David Powell; other members of the cast are Roy Bford and Geoffrey Kerr.

"The Lights of London." Wanda Hawley and Nigel Barrie, who have just returned from Egypt, where they have been playing in the film version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Fire of Fate," have been engaged to play the leading parts in the screen production of "Dagonet's" famous melodrama, "The Lights of London." The film will be made in London.

Mary, Queen of Scots.—Denison Clift will shortly begin his production of "Mary, Queen of Scots." Fay Compton will be Mary Stuart; her sister, Ellen Compton, will play Queen Elizabeth, and

the other three actresses chosen for the Queen's Marys—Mary Livingstone, Mary Leanne and Mary Heaton—will be Betty Fairie, Nancy Kenyon and Dorothy Fairie respectively. The film will be photographed at Holyrood, Stirling, Lochleven, Fotheringhay, and other historic places.

Tale of the Sea.—The Vitaphone production, "Masters of Men," is a thrilling story of the sea. Cullen Landis, as the hero who passes through the four ages of character development to emerge at the end a national hero, gives a wonderful performance throughout. He is supported by Earle Williams, and the female roles are adequately filled by Alice Calhoun and Wanda Hawley. Neither of these popular favourites, however, has much to do, as the story is essentially one of the sea. "Masters of Men" will be worth seeing when it is publicly released in September.

Jealousy.—After playing to capacity at practically every performance, "This Freedom" must be withdrawn from the New Oxford Theatre on Sunday next to make room for Victor Seastrom's production, "Jealousy," featuring Matheson Lang.

A Stoopcase Film.—Guy Newall has completed the screen version of De Vere Stoopcase's book, "The Starin Garden." He tells me that the film has been designed to amuse for an hour or so rather than to impress. Audiences, he considers (and rightly too, I think in many cases) have become a little tired of spectacle, hurried battles, gorgeous decorations, hurrying crowds, and social problems. "The Starin Garden" is a simple little story, the setting of which is in Ireland and Italy. Ivy Duke plays the heroine.

New Plays for the Adelphi.—The management of the Adelphi Theatre have purchased two new musical plays, and are also negotiating for a third. One of these three that Mr. W. H. Berry will make his debut during the autumn. The first play is "London's Sweetheart," a tentative title, the book and lyrics of which are by Sax Rohmer and Clifford Seeler, music by Herman Finck and Jan Van Dael and the second play is "The Ring," by Seymour Hicks, with music by Harold Fraser Simon.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

"THE SUN WORSHIPPERS"

(Wonder Film). Every evening at 7.15, commencing Saturday, May 12th, 7.15. A picture which links the marvels of the Heavens and Wonders of Science with Wild Australia, where the Stone Age still exists.

Put away your heavy overcoat and get a SARTOR RAINCOAT in time for Whitsun and the coming holidays.

Sartor Raincoat For Whitsun 20/-

CARR. PAID.

Put away your heavy overcoat and get a SARTOR RAINCOAT in time for Whitsun and the coming holidays.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored by experts from fully patterned, guaranteed quality, check, serge, and other materials in the finish of every garment. SERVED BY EXPERTS. It is a pleasure, and we will send you to return FREE PATTERNS and style book (free). Made, sent and Yacht, together with an exclusive self-measurement form.

MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. E), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

Thro' Romantic India with LOWELL THOMAS TRANSFERRING



(from Covent Garden)

TO-MORROW (Mon.) at 8.30

Philharmonic Hall.

Mayfair 901. POPULAR PRICES. Nightly 8.15. Mat. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.



Dr. FU MANCHU

THE MOST STYLISH CHARACTER IN PICTURE. A STOLL PRODUCTION. by A. C. Cobby from the stories of Sax Rohmer. Ask at your local Cinema where Dr. FU MANCHU is running.

VARIETY JOTTINGS.

Charles Coburn at the Holborn.—That the desire of the present-day variety audience leans towards the convivial and social side of the entertainment is proved by the genuine friendly reception extended to that hardy veteran Charles Coburn, who has been appearing at the Holborn Empire during the past week. To hear the younger members of those present coming with a will to hear the strength in the chorus of well-matched favourites such as "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "The Love of Black Eve," which the singer, although he was 70 years of age last August, rendered with all his old robust style, woke up the most basic of habits, and a passing regret for the old days was felt by many present, when the commercial element was not quite so much in evidence and a spirit of "amateurism" existed between the singer and his

Once a Month Fashion Notes.

(Conducted by MIMI.)

IF the congregation present in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the Duke of York's wedding was representative of coming fashions—which I think it must have been—it is quite safe to predict a beige and sand-coloured season.

Everywhere one looked the eye was met by a hat, coat, or gown of one of the many variations of these pastel shades, with an occasional touch of bright cinnamon brown. Blue, at any rate, in that part of the Abbey that I could see, was few and far between. There was no person wearing it entirely, except Queen Mary. Mrs. Asquith's cloak, gown, wrap, or whatever the folds of silk of pale green that were swathed round her figure represented in the way of a garment, was noticeable greatly on account of a striking colour in contrast with the prevailing shade.

Another striking detail was that with very few exceptions every gown was ankle-length. Hats, on the whole, were very much larger and higher in the

crowns than they were at Princess Mary's wedding, and veils were conspicuous by their absence.

The delightful cretonne frocks which added so greatly to our comfort two years ago and brightened up the drab streets more than any other fashion has ever done, are things of the past. The tub frock of the coming season will be principally of gingham-check, and combined with white pique, or of sponge cloth, in conjunction with cotton mull, and trimmed with many rows of tiny buttons matching the principal colouring of the frock.

Washing frocks for the summer at the present moment at any rate appear to be far more elaborate in design than the well-beloved and easy-to-laundry cretonne one.

Knitted lace in preference to crochet is used on the majority of new jumpers and Valenciennes edging, ruffled up, and applied in very close lines, decorate the interior of large bell-shaped sleeves.

Three-piece suits of maroonine with the coat lined to match the upper part of the gown are extremely popular and effective. Waist lines in these costumes are nearly all set low and the skirt is generally quite plain with lines of embroidery simulating panels.

Chinese effects are fashionable, although only about one woman in a hundred has features reminiscent of the Orient. For lining the coat of a three-piece suit Chinese-patterned crepe, however, is decidedly smart and effective.

THE HELPING HAND.

IT is surprising what an efficient polish for plate or mirror glass may be found in ordinary "candle smoke." A candle should be held close enough to the glass to blacken it without letting the grease touch, the smoke being then diffused by means of a piece of newspaper, a fresh piece of the latter being in addition used, with which to give a polish.

GREASE SPOTS ON SILK.—To remove grease spots from silk mix powdered French chalk with lavender water to the thickness of mustard, put it on the stain and rub gently with the finger or palm of the hand; put a sheet covered with clean blotting paper and brown paper, and press with a very hot iron. When dry the chalk must be removed, and the silk gently dusted with a clean, white cloth. If a faint mark still remains, a second application of French chalk and lavender water will generally remove it. If candle grease has fallen thickly on the silk, it will be better to remove it first very carefully with a penknife.

The following mixture is another method for removing grease stains from silk: Put into a small bottle two ounces of essence of lemon and one ounce of oil of turpentine and shake the bottle until the contents are thoroughly mixed. Moisten a piece of rag with this mixture and rub the spot with it. When the stain has disappeared, hang the garment in the air until the scent is gone.

TO CLEAN MATTING.—To clean matting, sweep it twice, first with a stiff broom, working along the grain of the straw, then crosswise, with a soft broom dipped in warm water, rinsing it with clean water. This brightens all sorts of coloured matting and also saves it in a measure from fading. Very light matting is best washed, after sweeping, with weak borax water.

Matting should be washed with strong salt and water, to strengthen the fibres. Soap should never be used. If a white or cream-coloured matting has become faded and discoloured, wash with strong soda water, and, while this will turn it a

deeper shade of creamy yellow, it will be all one colour instead of variegated. Matting should always be swept the way of the weave, not across it.

If some of the figures in the pattern have become dingy, they can be renovated by rubbing aniline dye in light shades into the matting with an old toothbrush, following the lines of the figure, which can be strengthened with a pencil before applying the dye.

PORT WINE STAINS.—To remove port wine stains from a white woollen material dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a pint of distilled water. Add a tablespoonful of strained lemon juice and one of pure cream of tartar. Pour the mixture into a bottle; shake well. Apply to the damaged material by means of a soft, clean rag. Sponge with another dipped in cold water. If this mixture, which can be kept for future use, be applied immediately after the accident has happened, the stain will at once vanish. Sponging with ammonia and water is also effective in removing wine stains on woollen fabrics.

Address orders, PATTERNS DEPT., "The People," Millford Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

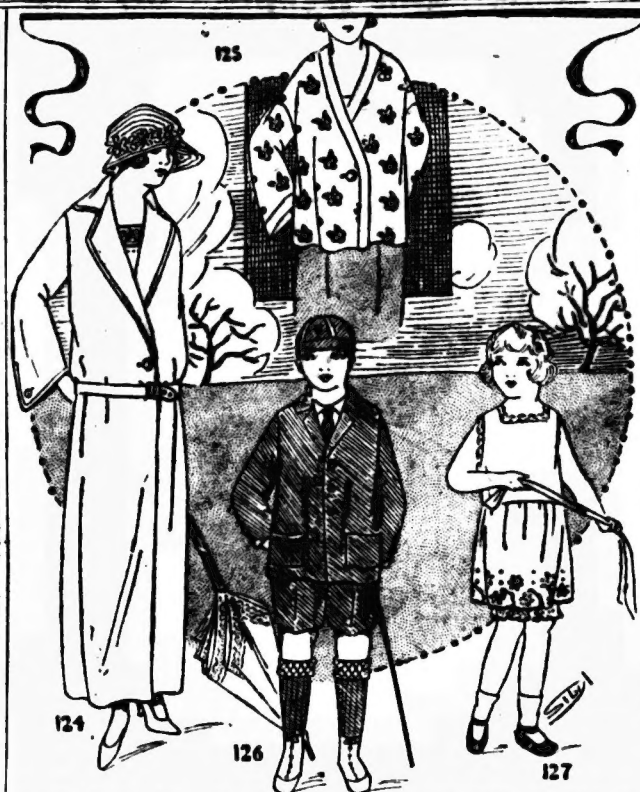
The following patterns are kept in stock in small, medium, large and O.B. sizes, and may be had by return of post. Requisition articles for the use of soldiers and nurses:—Nurses' aprons, Men's shirts, Men's night-shirts, Men's undersuits, etc. Men's dressing gowns, Nurses' dresses, pyjamas, suits, etc.

Patterns may be had in the following stock sizes for:—

	STOCK SIZE	CHST.	WAIST.	SEAT.	NECK.
SMALL	32	34	36	38	14
MEDIUM	36	38	40	42	16
LARGE	40	42	44	46	18
O.B.	44	46	48	50	20

	STOCK SIZE	CHST.	WAIST.	SEAT.	NECK.
SMALL	32	34	36	38	14
MEDIUM	36	38	40	42	16
LARGE	40	42	44	46	18
O.B.	44	46	48	50	20

CHILDREN: State Age and Size. BACK NUMBERS KEPT IN STOCK.



No. 124.—Smart dust coat, with the fronts turned back to form revers. The loose bell-shaped sleeve is set into an ordinary armhole. A belt of the material confines the fulness at the waist. 6d.

No. 125.—Dainty dressing jacket, of flowered material, trimmed with facings of contrasting material. The loose sleeve is set into a low armhole. 6d.

No. 126.—Practical school suit for boys, 6-8, 8-10, 10-12 years. The coat is made

with tailored revers and collar, and two patch pockets are on either side of the front. The knickers are straight. 6d.

No. 127.—Simple petticoat and knickers for girls 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years. The skirt is gathered on to a long-waisted bodice. The square neck and armholes are trimmed with lace, and the fastening is arranged down centre back. The knickers are gathered on to a two-piece band, which buttons on to the stays; the legs are gathered into knee-bands. 6d.

THE POULTRY RUN

Catarrhal Colds Among Fowls.

LUCKY is the man who does not have to doctor one or more of his fowls for a cold of a catarrhal nature during the present season, the climatic conditions being so changeable as to thwart his endeavours to maintain health in the stock. It is possible for a fowl to contract a catarrhal cold and to spread the disease before its owner is aware that the disease exists, and especially is this likely to happen where a large flock of fowls is kept. Diseases of a catarrhal or roup nature are transmitted from bird to bird through the agency of the water supply.

The poultry keeper will do well to keep an observant eye on the stock during the present season, and to isolate any bird that is seen to be running at the eye, nostril, or in the case of birds that have been bought, these should be placed in quarantine until one is quite satisfied respecting their condition. It doesn't do to play lightly with birds brought from poultry breeders whose reputation one cannot vouch for.

EXPECTING A CURE.

Overcrowding and vitiated air in the roosting houses, the originators of catarrhal colds. When fowls contract such colds their nostril passages are the main organs affected, and these send forth with the exhalations innumerable germs, and so the disease is spread. A capsule of copaliba balsam given twice daily is recommended by some writers as a quick cure for running at the nostrils, but rather than stop the discharge it is advisable to encourage it, and so clear the system of disease germs.

For catarrhal colds in fowls the latter should be dosed night and morning with a teaspoonful of cod liver oil to which has been added two drops of eucalypti oil and a drop of pure turpentine. Should the patient be feverish, as indicated by excessive thirst, it should be given two or three drops of tincture of acetate in a teaspoonful of water. The crowing of the fowls and nostril discharge daily with a lukewarm solution of alum (weak) will do much towards effecting a cure.

DIETING SICK BIRDS. As pointed out above, sick birds should be isolated. Isolation, a light and nutritious diet, and systematic attention play as important a part in the successful treatment of sick fowls as do right medicines. Apart from the fact that disease "spreads" the isolation of sick fowls is necessary, such fowls cannot be properly dosed when running with their companions.

As to some light and airy building should be placed a hospital pen for the reception of birds that fall sick, and to which they should be confined until one is satisfied as to their complete recovery. The atmosphere in the building should be buoyant, and on the cool side.

As to dieting, moist and nourishing foods should be served, such as bread and milk, rice boiled in milk, rolled oats scalded with milk, or other foods of a light and digestible nature. Preparation of rice and lettuce leaves is desirable, and especially so if the patient is in a feverish condition. A few crystals of permanganate of potash may be added to the drinking water to render it antiseptic.

THE CUP BIRD.

All communications to "The People," 49, Wellington Street, London, W.C.2. Fowls and eggs for examination should not be sent to "The People," but to "Poultry Expert," Medina, Rutland Road, Bourne-mouth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARD HIT. You say nothing as to foods used in conditions such as head and milk, rice boiled in milk, rolled oats scalded with milk, or other foods of a light and digestible nature. Preparation of rice and lettuce leaves is desirable, and especially so if the patient is in a feverish condition. A few crystals of permanganate of potash may be added to the drinking water to render it antiseptic.

CHICKENS STUCK ON MOTHERS' WINGS. Smith and Co., 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

THERE'S MONEY IN POULTRY. If you are the owner of a flock of fowls, you will find it profitable to keep them in a healthy condition. For more information, write to the Poultry Expert, Medina, Rutland Road, Bourne-mouth.

PRINCE AND BRITISH LEGION. The Prince of Wales, who is Patron of the British Legion, will be present at the Memorial Parade of the Legion at the Horse Guards at 4.30 p.m. on May 20. The parade will be followed by a short service at the Cenotaph.

WOMAN'S ACQUITTAL. At the Old Bailey, Florence Sullivan (43), housekeeper, was found not guilty of causing grievous bodily harm to Amelia Latchford, on Easter Monday, on the Victoria Embankment, and was discharged.

Stock Pot of Kitchen Lore.

THIS is one of the most expensive times of the year for vegetables and are concerned. Old ones are past their prime, and are expensive in comparison with their quality. New ones are frankly expensive, difficult to obtain, and so small, for the most part, that they are hardly worth while troubling about for the next week or two.

In the meantime, why not try noodles as a vegetable substitute—served either as a separate dish or as an accompaniment to roast meat?

Noodles must always be rolled out as thinly as possible, cut into fine strips and dropped into absolutely boiling salted water. Noodles are of various sorts. Among the best are:—

EGG NOODLES.—Sift 1 lb. of dry flour on to a pastry board. Pile it up in the centre. Make an indentation on the top sufficiently deep to hold two well-beaten well-salted eggs. Stir in the flour from the sides, mixing with a knife, until the egg can absorb no more. Knead thoroughly, and when the dough is as firm and stiff as possible, pinch off a piece the size of an egg. Cover it thickly with flour and roll out thinly. Take one edge and roll up into the shape of a tube. Proceed in this way until all the dough has been used up. Place on a clean towel and leave in a warm place until the rolls are dry; then cut into thin slices. Shake off as much of the adhering flour as possible and drop them into boiling salted water. From 10 to 15 minutes' cooking is sufficient.

POTATO NOODLES.—Mix one breakfast-cupful of cold rice potato with an equal amount of flour and one well-beaten egg. If the egg is a large one, more flour will be required to make a firm, stiff dough. Roll out, cut immediately into narrow strips. Boil for 10 or 15 minutes in salted water. Drain, plunge into cold

water. Drain immediately and return the noodles to the saucepan. Stir in a little butter, salt and pepper to season. Shake until thoroughly hot and serve at once.

PLAIN NOODLES.—To one egg add half an eggshell of cold water. Sift one and a half breakfast-cupfuls of flour on to a pastry board. Add the egg liquid very slowly, mixing well all the time. Then knead, adding more flour if not stiff enough to roll out very thinly. Leave to dry near the fire. Then cut into narrow strips if the noodles are to be cooked in stock, or in wide ones for boiling in salted water. Tomato sauce, grated cheese, etc., can be mixed with plain noodles after cooking.

POTATO DUMPLINGS.—Mix two breakfast-cupfuls of cold mashed potato and two eggs in a large bowl. Toast a slice of bread. Cut it into small dice, fry it in a little butter and add to the bowl, together with two cupfuls of flour. Mix the whole using the hands. Form into dumplings. Drop them into boiling salted water and cook for twenty to twenty-five minutes, according to size. If the dumplings fall apart add more flour. Mashed potatoes containing milk require more flour than do plainly rice ones.

POTATO WINE.—A very nice wine can be made with little potatoes. Wash well, but do not peel them, cut in half and measure. To each half-gallon allow one gallon of water. Boil for five minutes. Strain it over two sliced lemons, the rind of three, and a little Demerara sugar. Return the liquid to the pan, boil for half an hour. Strain into a large bowl. Bottle and cork lightly when cold. A piece or two of bruised ginger, added about 10 minutes while boiling, greatly improves this wine. It can highly recommend this wine. (Con- tributed.)

"THE PEOPLE'S" DOCTOR.

HEALTH HINTS FOR THE HOME.

GASTRIC ULCER. In contrast with the functional disorders of digestion, all the organic diseases, such as ulceration and cancer, are very serious, demanding great skill and experience on the part of the surgeon for their cure, or alleviation.

Gastric ulcer is a comparatively common disease in young women between the ages of 15 and 30, and five times more frequent in women than in men.

Its causes are difficult to trace, but there seems to be a definite connection between anaemia and ulceration. Two forms of ulcer are met with—acute and chronic. The former is usually small, varying from half an inch to one and a half in diameter, and has the appearance of being punched out of the walls of the stomach. The latter has a peculiar funnel-shaped appearance, the wider end being towards the mucous surface. One of two results will happen, either the ulcer will heal and cicatrize, or perforate into the cavity of the abdomen—a frequent cause of death.

The signs most characteristic of gastric ulcer are localised pain in the stomach after food, vomiting of blood, or blood passing by the bowels. Pain is also usually complained of in the back to the left of the spine. Vomiting of blood is a very indicative sign and occurs in a high proportion of the cases. The prospect of recovery is good, and probably amounts

to eighty per cent. under skilful nursing and dieting.

With regard to treatment this must always be carried out in bed; and when vomiting of blood occurs no food should be given by mouth, but the strength kept up by nutrient enemata composed of one or two eggs beaten up with four ounces of milk administered every four hours for a week or ten days, with small pieces of ice to suck or swallow to relieve thirst. This should be followed by one ounce of equal parts milk and barley water given by the mouth every hour and gradually increased to four ounces per hour. In the second week, if there has been no return of symptoms, bread and milk made with soft roll may be added morning and evening and a custard pudding given in the middle of the day. In the following week four ounces of minced chicken and mashed potato, with cocoa or milk tea. So long as there is pain in the stomach no solid food, all solid food must be withheld and the patient kept at rest.

Cancer of the stomach generally occurs between 40 and 70 years of age. The principal signs are pain and tenderness, vomiting of blood, and the presence of a tumour felt through the abdominal wall. There is considerable wasting, anaemia, with an earthy, pallid complexion and great loss of appetite. The average duration is about 18 months. Treatment is mainly palliative in the relief of pain and by surgical procedures.

In next Sunday's issue the Doctor will contribute an article on "Gastric."

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY GRANDPA FUNBOY

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DENTIST'S.



MY DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE, IF all of us had as much fun visiting the dentist as Peggy and Peter seem to have had, we shouldn't mind going a bit, I am sure! But I don't like them taking the best tuck from my collection of curios, so next week I hope they will be away again in the country, too busy on the farm to bother with my things.

To-day both Peggy and Peter have been very good and quiet making up the jolly soldier toy I have given you below, which I hope you will all make.



—It is quite easy—for it really is a fine-looking one.

You will find the lanceer will stand up, or ride his horse, and you have only to tie a cotton to the horse and pull it along for the lanceer to tent peg at cork; and the horse stands up firmly on his four legs.

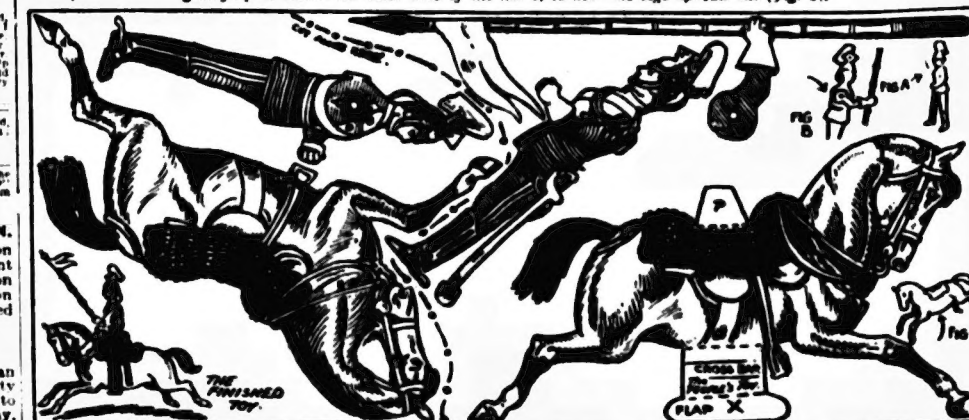
Next week you shall have a jolly naval toy with which you can play for hours, and you will be pleased to hear that I have ready for you, as the weeks go on, some of the best cut-out toys ever published.

Your Merry Old Friend,

Grandpa Funboy.

"THE PEOPLE'S" TOY CUPBOARD.—A SPLENDID SOLDIER TOY.

Cut the toy picture in two along the dotted line, and gum each half on a postcard. Colour the parts, then carefully cut them out. Take the two sides of the lanceer and gum them together as far as the waist (Fig. A). Put a paper fastener through the circle on the lance arm, and fix it in the circle marked Y on the lance's right side (Fig. B). Bend over the tab P on the horse, and gum this, the horse's head, and tail, and lay them on the other side of the horse. When dry bend up flap X, bend up Cross Bar, and gum flap X inside the other side of the horse, to keep its legs spread out (Fig. C).



NEXT WEEK ANOTHER FINE TOY WILL BE GIVEN.

"Just one more, Daddy!

let's make the most of the Rhubarb while we can."

From the garden, Mother is always demanding "just one more stick"—because at mealtimes everybody is ready for one more helping.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

and fresh young Rhubarb, as it mingles together on your plate, is a luscious picture in scarlet and gold—a dish which is simply irresistible.

A word in season. Never take Rhubarb alone, always with Bird's—the pure Custard. Then you have a glorious dish—involving, refreshing and safe.

To-day's prices for all sizes of Bird's Custard: Tins 1/6; boxes 1/1 & 6/4; pkts. 1/4.



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THE ROYAL VISIT TO ITALY.

King George and Queen Mary had a loyal and enthusiastic send off yesterday on their visit to Italy, where they are due to arrive to-morrow. This visit is an event of considerable importance, for it will help to renew and strengthen the traditional friendship of the British and Italian peoples. If there have been moments of friction between the two countries since the war, periods when Italians thought they were getting too little and other nations too much, such a visit of courtesy will do much to lead to a perfect understanding.

Englishmen have ever had a tender spot in their hearts for Italy; nowhere did national unification find more sympathy and moral support than in England, and nowhere has Italian progress been watched with more friendly eyes. That their Majesties will meet with a hearty reception is a foregone conclusion; Signor Mussolini's cordial message, though warmly appreciated in this country, was not necessary to reassure us on that point. That Italians are anxious to preserve the friendship of the British people is a gratifying fact, and their desire is wholeheartedly reciprocated on this side.

Italy is a comparatively poor country materially, if enviable rich in other respects; she has suffered much at the hands of rival factions, though, happily, she is now subject to what promises to be a firm and stable Government. We wish her well, and there is no reason to doubt that King George, a keen and broad-minded observer of men and things, will fail to impress that fact upon the people of the Peninsula.

GERMANY MUST DO BETTER.

The rejection of Germany's offer by France will occasion no surprise. Nobody expected anything else, not even the Germans themselves, we should imagine. The proposals are totally inadequate, and even their serious consideration by France would stultify its Government's position.

One might be excused for doubting whether German statesmen are really so dense as they appear—their maladroitness is, on the face of it, colossal. Not only is the offer itself absurdly out of proportion to the requirements of the case; it is conveyed in a manner that suggests inability to appreciate what is demanded of Germany in the matter of reparations.

And the German Chancellor, Herr Cuno, uses language that sounds almost like an ultimatum to the world. He declares that Germany is "ready to hold out to the last gasp," and suggests that it is for the world to say whether it wants peace or the continuance of conflict. Such language is calculated to bring Germany's last gasp appreciably nearer, if persisted in.

However, though the note is peremptorily rejected, though it cannot form a basis for negotiation, it is possible that it may eventually lead to certain interchanges of views, and ultimately to a closer and more definite consideration of a subject that cries aloud for settlement of some kind.

WHAT THE PROPERTY TAX MEANS.

An Expert's Views on the Valuation.

Widespread consternation has been caused amongst householders and owners outside the London area by the receipt of intimations of considerable increases in taxation on property.

Some of the resulting anomalies and hardships have provoked a general outcry, and the reasons for this are set forth by an expert in the article below. This legacy of the Coalition Government is also referred to in the "Talk of the People" columns.

By SIR PHILIP FILDITCH, M.P.

There seem to be a number of objections to the course that has been pursued by the authorities.

Few people appreciated what was happening when the Budget of last year, containing the provision for this new re-assessment was passed, and it has come upon the districts outside London with the suddenness of a thunderclap.

I was myself very busy in the House on other things, and after my first surprise it passed almost unnoticed with the rest of the Budget.

The valuation, if it can be so called, has been made by officials representing neither the central Government, having neither the statutory authority to examine the properties, nor, I think it is fair to say, the necessary qualifications to value them. Had the revaluation of the country districts been made by the local authorities that work would have been done by persons qualified by knowledge of the localities and more intimate acquaintance with values.

Another objection is the fact that a valuation made in this way, dependent as it has largely been upon office rules of calculations worked out upon the returns of rents paid, whether the proper annual value or not, is bound to produce a plentiful crop of anomalies.

A valuation to-day is especially difficult, having regard to the operation of the Rent Restriction Acts and similar current circumstances, and needs to be done thoroughly by qualified persons.

SHORT NOTICE.

The result of the present proceeding is that apparently for the first time we shall have outside London two assessments of different amounts, running on the same time on the same property.

Upon one of them the income tax will be assessed, and on the other the local rates. It is very clear that there will be an inducement to some local authorities to follow the new assessments made by the Imperial authorities, or would have been but for the present outcry.

There is a fourth point of immediate practical importance, and that is the shortness of the notice within which appeal to the authorities, viz., 21 days from the date on the notice, which certainly will have to be considerably increased unless great injustice to individuals is to be done.

If the re-assessment had taken place under the usual auspices of the local authorities there would have been an appeal to Quarter Session on questions both of law and fact, and in practice as to both local rates and income tax. These new assessments for income tax purposes can, apparently, only be appealed against to the General Commissioners of Income Tax, from whom there is only an appeal to the High Court on a point of law, but not on a point of fact.

The situation may be summed up by saying that whilst the time is long past when a re-valuation for both local and income tax purposes in the country should be made, and that London income tax payers stand to receive thereby an advantage to which they are entitled, the way in which this aerial re-assessment for income tax purposes only is being carried out, such that there is no guarantee of equitable treatment as between different classes of property or different persons owning individual hereditaments outside London, and that is what is causing the disturbance.

AMERICAN "DRY" DOCKS.

By NORMAN SCOTT.

THERE is only one thing more wonderful to us than the American laws, and that is their interpretation. It is not our business to criticise American institutions. If the majority of the American people insist on preventing a large minority from obtaining liquor, that is entirely their own affair; but the new Prohibition law is now to be extended to the high seas.

The decision of the Supreme Court is that no vessel can dock at any American port, carrying alcoholic liquors, of any kind, for any purpose. If it cannot go into harbour with liquor, even if it is sealed, obviously a vessel cannot start carrying spirits unless it is prepared to jettison them on the way.

This interpretation of the law will be a sad disappointment for the Americans whose chief inducement for leaving their country is that as soon as they went on board ship they were out of bounds of the Prohibition laws.

The new American decision interferes with the maritime laws of this country. It is the duty of British ships to carry a certain amount of spirits for the use of passengers and crew for purely medicinal purposes. They must carry brandy and rum. Without these spirits the British authorities can prevent a ship leaving port, and now if it carries its medical chest, containing spirits, it will not be allowed to go into an American port on the other side.

The large steamship companies and trading vessels are not concerned with bootlegging or illicit trading. They would be quite prepared to seal up their liquor stores on entering American waters, but the interpretation put upon the Prohibition law will prohibit them from doing that.

TALK of the PEOPLE

By WIDEAWAKE.

The Spirit of Kings.

Few monarchs have worked harder to fit themselves for their high destiny than King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, whom our King and Queen are visiting this week. As a child he was so delicate that small hope was entertained of his ever reaching manhood, but he had the spirit that refuses to be thwarted by physical disabilities. By following a truly Spartan regimen of his own devising, and founded principally on English open-air practices, he gained strength and staying power that astonished the physicians, and so was able to carry through the arduous course of study essential to the position he was one day to occupy.

King George's Triumph.

The King was immensely gratified by the reception which he received at the Stadium, Wembley, on the occasion of the Cup Final. Never has a monarch been greeted with such a spontaneous demonstration of loyalty and sympathy. The appearance of His Majesty had a magical effect on the crowd of 200,000 people, who with one voice acclaimed their King. It also had the effect of bringing order out of chaos, and, followed by the strategic operations of the policeman on a white horse, led to the clearing of the playing field. The reception of the King was one of the redeeming features of the Wembley muddle.

The Premier's Health Tour.

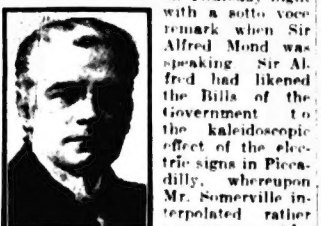
The Prime Minister will arrive at Genoa to-morrow. He will not stay in the Italian city, but will leave directly for a French health resort. Mr. Bonar Law will be met on his arrival by Mr. J. C. Davidson, his Parliamentary Private Secretary. The Prime Minister's personal friends have the utmost confidence that his holiday abroad will give him a complete recovery from his throat trouble.

Labour Leader P.C.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, will be created a Privy Councillor in the next Honours List. Every Labour leader in the House up to now has been made a Right Honourable, and amongst Mr. MacDonald's colleagues who enjoy that honour are Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Bowerman, Mr. Adamson, Mr. John Hodge, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Roberts.

The Lights of London.

Mr. D. G. Somerville, M.P., being Scottish, would not be suspected of humour, but he convulsed the House on Thursday night with a sotto voce remark when Sir Alfred Mond was speaking. Sir Alfred had likened the Bills of the Government to the kaleidoscopic effect of the electric signs in Piccadilly, whereupon Mr. Somerville interpolated rather irreverently, "What were you doing, daddy?" and it was amusing to note how the laughter rippled round the House and then centred in a general outburst, in which Sir Alfred joined.



D. G. Somerville.

There is no foundation for the statement which appeared in a newspaper yesterday that negotiations have been opened for re-uniting the ex-Conservative ministers with the Unionist leaders.

A Coalition Legacy.

The provision in the last Finance Act which imposes the re-valuation of all property for income tax purposes is a legacy from the Coalition Government. The clause slipped through without Parliamentary discussion, its full significance not being appreciated. What it means is that owners of property will have to pay an increased income tax to the extent of 15 million pounds a year, which is more than double the relief which they have just received by the reduction of sixpence.

The New Bad Tax.

The new tax will press very heavily, particularly upon small owners, as it will be some considerable time before they can raise rents, in some cases not for many years, to bring some measure of compensation. While the Government will be unable to amend the Act, I understand that the Inland Revenue authorities will administer it with discretion and give sympathetic consideration to all cases of hardship.

A Great Publicist.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, whose death was announced yesterday, was one of the leading figures in the religious, journalistic and political life of the country. He occupied an absolutely unique position. No one possessed a greater knowledge of modern literature. Having begun life as a minister, he kept abreast of religious thought. In later years he developed a very keen political instinct. His influence was not by any means confined to the "British Weekly" and "The Bookman," which he edited, but was very widespread. He had a wide range of acquaintances, and, though in delicate health, for many years was one of the busiest men in London.

Victorious American Golfers.

Great Britain has for the first time lost one of its treasured golf trophies, the St. George's Vase, which was won by an American; in fact, three Americans topped the list. It looks this year as if the American golfers were to win both the amateur and the open championships. They have sent over their best players, who take the game much more seriously and play it more scientifically than do our men.

Broadcasting Reforms.

The committee appointed to report on broadcasting, the chairman of which is Maj.-General Sir Hugh Sykes, the Prime Minister's son-in-law, will not be able to revise the present system for eighteen months, as the Government agreement with the Broadcasting Company continues in force until the end of 1924.

M.P. May Retire.

I hear that a South London Member is ready to retire—I fancy he thinks the constituency a trifle too expensive, and, knowing the sum annually required, I am not surprised. Of course, he may be induced to hang on till the next General Election. But I doubt it.

Notable First Exhibitors.

Three real outsiders have got into the Royal Academy, whose exhibition opens to-morrow. Mrs. Barnett, widow of Canon Barnett, the founder of the Golden Green Garden City, although she is 70 years of age and only recently began painting, has got a picture accepted.

The Royal Visit to Italy—Mr. Lloyd George's Plans—Tax Bombshell.

Mr. A. MacLaren, Labour Member for Burslem, is exhibiting a portrait and a bust. Mr. MacLaren began life as an engineer, but he had a strong predilection for art, and won a studentship at the Glasgow School of Art. For the last ten years he has made his livelihood as an artist. Mr. Russell Alexander, a member of the editorial staff of the "Daily News," has had two water-colour paintings accepted.

Mr. Lloyd George's Doubts.

Mr. Lloyd George is getting exceedingly active in his efforts to win Liberal sympathy. When in Lancashire he was invited to a conference to give a pledge that if he rejoined the Liberal Party he would undertake not to advocate or enter into a Coalition with the Conservatives. He declined to give this pledge. It is doubtful whether Mr. Asquith himself would be prepared to give the undertaking, as it is impossible to foretell what new alignment of parties may come in the near future.

Angling for Support.

Several of my Conservative friends saw in Mr. Lloyd George's last speech an indication that he was returning to his pre-war politics adapted to the conditions of to-day. He is certainly cultivating the Nonconformists. He spoke last week at the City Temple. He will speak at that centre of aggressive Nonconformity on Wednesday next at the Colonial Missionary gathering of the Congregational Union. He is attending a luncheon in support of Spurgeon's College, for which funds are required, and will deliver an address on Spurgeon.

Later in the month he will attend Edinburgh during the sittings of the Presbyterian Assemblies—the annual Parliament of the Presbyterian Churches, now united and representing about 80 per cent. of the inhabitants of Scotland.

Mr. Lloyd George is, by the way, a very good walker. Occasionally he foots it to Chelsea for his health. He can outwalk many a younger man—and talk all the time.

The Active P.M.G.

The Postmaster-General is waking up the Post Office. Last week telephone subscribers all over the country were given the weather forecast for the following day in response to a call. The new P.M.G. means to stick to State wireless with this difference, that the Government station for which he has placed the orders will be the most powerful in the world.

"Home, Sweet Home."

The centenary of the first public performance of that famous song, "Home, Sweet Home," takes place on Tuesday next. Few people remember that the author, John Howard Payne, was an American. He was a direct descendant on the maternal side from William Brewster, who went to the American Colonies in the Mayflower. Brewster had three daughters, named Patience, Fear and Love. A President of the United States, Zachary Taylor, was descended from Fear, and Longfellow, the poet, was descended from Love.

Chief of Police Lipton.

One Chief of the New York police is not present at the International Police Conference now meeting in that city. I refer to Sir Thomas Lipton, who possesses a badge inscribed with bold lettering "Chief of Police New York City," followed in less conspicuous letters by the word "Honorary." Sir Thomas stands well with the police, and the New York authorities give him a pass every year which enables him to have free access throughout the city on all occasions.

Something Like a Thirst.

It caused the G.W.R. some surprise that under the seats of one Football Final special from Plymouth they fished out 200 empty beer bottles and 50 whisky bottles. There must be better records of excursionists' thirst.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Of course, you all have heard about those pearls upon a bus.
Recovered by our famous C.I.D.'s,
Who went about their duties with the minimum of fuss.
And all the industry of busy B's.

Those pearls had just been purloined,
But the coppers copped a man
Who doesn't seem a clever sort of cuss.
The pearls themselves were overlooked,
For they were in a can
That travelled to and fro upon the bus.

And passengers in plenty, busy toilers
Of the town,
Had calmly sat upon the very seat,
And gazed upon the throngs perambulating up and down,
Unconscious of the treasure at their feet.

Now here's a homely moral I would give
You for to-day,
So simple that you all can understand—
How often are we longing for the good things far away,
Regardless of the better things at hand!

Of course, if you had found those pearls I do not mean to say
You would do well to stick to 'em; no doubt
To take them to the Yard at once would be the wiser way,
In view of all the C.I.D.'s about.

And this reminds me of a case the papers write about.
A woman who's a pretty hefty bunch,
She smote a brawny man and very quickly laid him out;
They say she is "a woman with a punch."

What ho! you merry pugilists who love the "noble art."
Why after sparring partners need you roam?
When, if you want a boxer who can fairly play her part,
You have the "goody goods" much nearer home!

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounge.

SCIENTISTS may have howled with glee when Dr. Paul Kammerer, of Vienna, told the Cambridge Natural History Society that it is possible to control heredity by scientific means, and thus make genius hereditary.

Personally, the idea appeals me. If Carlyle had had six sons, and they had six sons each, and so on for three generations—and they all fell busily to writing histories of the French Revolution in Carlylese! More horrible still: imagine a steadily increasing tribe of Shavians, bearded nut-nibblers talking in epigrams, the posterity of another George Bernard Shaw!

No. The one thing that makes existence tolerable is the fact that we are not all cast in the same mould. The other evening I attended a quiet night of a famous debating society of great antiquity, even in that hallowed hall was heard a cry for originality. The greybeards ground their gums indignantly when a stripling of not more than 15 or 20 years' standing frivolously suggested that the Budget might have been more originally framed. Who did not Mr. Baldwin, he asked, impose special taxes on men who were not justifiably stout, on infant prodigies, lawn tennis champions and women of devastating beauty?

Another speaker suggested a tax on advertisements, whereupon I observed a sad-eyed man start, and then wipe his brow. I watched this fellow, and when the coffee interval came I led him to a corner and ministered to him, presently, with a little cry of "Advertising has brought us all down together in a spirit of mutual sympathy," he told me the following story.

The thing (he said) had haunted me for weeks. If I took a Tube train I entered a bus I was certain to be confronted by the announcement in large letters that

If you will visit our showrooms, Mr. Smiles will be delighted to show you all models.

At first I merely speculated idly on the habits and appearance of our Mr. Smiles, as one speculates on the age of the lady opposite and whether she gets out at Marylebone because she is studying at the Academy. But presently I realised that I was becoming obsessed by our Mr. Smiles. I began to play half-back for the Tooting Ramblers on Saturdays. Did he beat his wife and take the pennies out of his fair-haired child's money-box to put in the gas-meter? Or did I misjudge him? I resolved that I would no longer do him a possible injustice.

I called at the showrooms.

"I want to see our Mr. Smiles, please—I mean Mr. Smiles," I said.

"Mr. Smiles, sir? Certainly, sir," replied the shopwalker, from sheer force of habit. "That is," he added, apologetically, "Mr. Smiles is not in, sir. He has just stepped out for a moment."

"Come," I said bitterly; "can't you do better than that? Tell me that our—that Mr. Smiles has been hung, or sent to penal servitude, or drowned while trying to fly to Ealing on a non-stop glider, and I will try to believe you. But why not be honest? Confess that he is but a name, and that another illusion of my life has been shattered."

The man drew himself up.

"Sir," he said, with dignity, "you do us an injustice. Mr. Smiles is a forgone, my mentioning it at his lunch."

"Forgive me," I said brokenly.

"Nevertheless," he went on, "in order to convince you—"

"No, no!" I cried eagerly, as he approached the telephone, but he waved me into silence. "For fifteen years," he said solemnly, "Mr. Smiles has partaken of refreshment at the same place. But when he knows that his services are required, I am sure that he will be delighted to come at once and to—"

"Show you all models," I added mechanically, as he vanished into the box.

"Now, sir," he said, reappearing, "in a few minutes you will see Mr. Smiles."

He bowed me to a seat and withdrew to a short distance, from which he occasionally directed at me mildly reproachful glances.

As the minutes passed I regained my courage, and when nearly half an hour had elapsed I said sarcastically, "Mr. Smiles seems to have been detained. Service is so slow in the rush hours."

"Sir," said the shopwalker, with sublime faith, "Mr. Smiles has promised."

He paused as the door opened and a stout policeman entered, supporting a limp figure covered with mud and wearing a hastily improvised bandage about his head.

"E would come 'ere, instead of going to the 'ospital," said the policeman. "Said 'is name was Smiles. Run over by a cab, crossing the road. Ran out of a eating-house like a madman; said there was a customer waiting—"

At the word the limp figure responded as to an electric shock. ("ast aside the sustaining arm he stood erect, and fixed me with an eye in which flashed the light of heroism.")

"Sir," he cried, "I shall be delighted to show you all models." I kissed him gently on the bandaged forehead, and withdrew.

In my postbag this week there is one letter which I cannot refrain from reproducing in full. It runs—

"Dear Sir, Your recent comments on historical matters are completely overshadowed by the following extract from the official guide of the 'Shopping Week' at Clapham:—That great and intrepid sailor, 'Captain Cook,' was the first mariner to circumnavigate the globe and prove its roundness. What an opportunity for a scene with the Shades of Drake and others!—Yours faithfully—"



LISTENING IN.—THE HAMMER AND TONGS DUET.

THE PRINCE ON THE ARTS.

MIRROR OF RACE'S PROGRESS.

BRIGHTER POSTERS.

PEOPLE'S GALLERY.

That health and virility in the arts is invariably a token that the outlook and ideals of a community are sound was one of many striking epigrams delivered by the Prince of Wales last night as principal guest of the Royal Academy of Arts at the annual banquet at Burlington House.

The banquet was, as usual, a brilliant function. In proposing the health of the Prince, a toast that was received with great cheering, Sir Aston Webb, R.A., president of the Royal Academy, described the heir to the throne as "our great ambassador to the Dominions and our great Empire-builder."

In his reply the Prince said that many might be apt to minimise the importance of the arts. But he had only to turn the pages of history to realise that a nation's art was the mirror of its inner mind.

"Decadence in art had always denoted degeneration in the community, but health and virility were invariably a token that the outlook and ideals of a community were sound."

In the opinion of many good judges a new and vigorous tone in British art has been apparent since the nation was plunged in the fiery ordeal of war. It had left the average man more sensitive to artistic suggestion.

"I have just returned," he continued, "from a tour of the battlefields in Belgium and Northern France, in the course of which I have visited many of the graveyards where our British dead now lie."

OUR LOVE OF BEAUTY.

"Those graveyards owe their existence to a universally-expressed wish of the great mass of the British people, and their form, their very real beauty and dignity both in their general appearance and in the detail of the many fine memorials they contain to the possibly unconscious but, none the less, genuine love of beauty which that people possesses."

"A decadent race could never have produced the men who lie there; and equally a decadent race could never have so fittingly perpetuated their memory."

The Prince said we should always deserve the concealed compliment implied in our being styled a Nation of Shopkeepers.

"But we do I think justly resent one quite unfair inference which is sometimes drawn from this epigram of Napoleon's—that because we keep the shop successfully, we totally neglect the art; that because we have a certain commercial shrewdness, we are totally unappreciative of art."

"From my own experience I can disprove such a charge at one time and another I have seen a great deal of the industrial life of this country, and in the course of the next few weeks, in the Midlands, in Yorkshire and at Newcastle, I hope to add to what has always been an absorbing study to me, and one which has left me feeling prouder of my fellow-countrymen than I was before."

"And I do not believe for one moment that industrialism and artistic development are necessarily antagonistic, and that because a man has been a business vision he is artistically blind. On the contrary, I have always been impressed by the fact that in the business and working community, the artistic ideal is very much alive, and only needs an outlet for its expression."

ARTISTIC HOARDINGS.

"Such an outlet could, I believe, be found in that much-discussed branch of Art, the Art of the Hoardings."

"Not so very long ago these dreary barricades of notices that marred the walls and waste places of our big cities were merely unsightly and contained no pictorial art whatever. They might now be called, without exaggeration, the Art Galleries of the great public."

"Many of the greatest successes on these hoardings were reproductions, the originals of which had hung in the Royal Academy; and many a man who had never given pictures a thought, had had his interests in them stimulated by a casual study of a poster."

Advertisements were now recognised as a most necessary adjunct to the business side of life; their refinement had advanced by such leaps and bounds as to justify one in calling them artistic."

TIGHT COLLAR PERIL.

Cut Neck that Became Infected from Shaving Brush.

"A man whose neck was just nipped by a tight collar, having brushed," said Dr. R. M. Bronte, a Home Office expert, at an inquest at Hackney on Wednesday David Starbrook, who caught anthrax and died after being employed in sorting horse-hair.

The line between natural and accidental death in respect of anthrax was a very thin one, Dr. Bronte added. If a man inhaled the bacilli and pneumonia supervened, it could be a case of natural death, but if the bacilli entered the body through a cut in the skin, it would amount to accidental death.

A verdict of death by misadventure was returned.

BENDING LIGHT ON THE SCREEN.

The first performance will be given at the Albert Hall on Saturday next of a film illustrating Einstein's discovery showing how light bends. The film was taken in Java on the occasion of the recent eclipse of the sun and is the most advanced instance of the presentation of science on the screen.

25s FOR A PAMPHLET.

At the second sale of books belonging to the late Geo. R. Sims on Friday last, a leading bookseller offered ten shillings for the first edition of a pamphlet by George Moore, the Irish novelist. It fetched 25s.



Top Gallant with Gardner up beating Westmead in the Victoria Cup at Harrow Park yesterday

BRIGHTER BRAINS FOR "BOBBIES."

ACID TEST SCHEME.

EXPERT ON PERIL OF "CIVILISED" CRIMINALS.

(Special to "The People.")

Sir Leonard Dunning, who holds under the Home Office, the position of Inspector of Constabulary, is making "acid tests" among police of provincial towns.

One result regarded as inevitable is the adoption of new methods in dealing with new crimes against society.

In view of Sir Leonard's reputation as the leading crime "doctor" in the service, the Government is attaching the greatest importance to his work.

On the eve of his departure to the country, Sir Leonard has issued his annual report, in which he says:—

"Modern crime is civilised and educated, because the criminal of today knows that it is far safer and more profitable to swindle hundreds than to rob one by knocking him on the head."

"The methods by which Sir Leonard conducts his tests," said an official to a "People" representative yesterday, "are extremely searching. They apply alike to large towns, small towns and country districts."

SURPRISE VISITS.

"They show neither fear nor favour to anyone in the forces, from the chief officers to the constables. He visits a place unexpectedly; sends for an official of any rank, interrogates him on a case which may have happened several months before which has remained unsolved."

"The officers' personal note books in which original memoranda are made, are called for immediately, and the records of every other measure taken by departments in following the case up also have to be produced. The collected notes are then tested against records which have automatically passed into the Home Office."

"As a matter of principle, these sudden searches may apply to any unsolved case, from that of murder, to the theft of a bicycle."

"What are known as inspections have, of course, been made for years; but these tests now are a part of a scheme to deal with the intellectual type of criminal, and to elaborate new methods for trapping such adventurers, for example, as those who have been responsible for recent country house robberies."

"Moreover, it is known that a considerable number of unsolved crimes during the past two years, including several murders and thefts from

Government mail bags (such as the recent theft of £16,250 from Bradford Station) have impelled the Home Office to inaugurate a special effort, not only to trace the originators of these particular crimes, but to reduce the present percentage of unsolved mysteries."

Before taking on his present position, some years ago, Sir Leonard Dunning had a very exceptional experience in the provinces, and in Ireland.

He succeeded Sir William Nott Bower as the Head Constable of Liverpool, and was there in 1911, when Tom Mann and Jim Larkin carried through the notorious labour coup, which succeeded in holding up the whole trade of the port for three weeks, and which movement had been organised as the preliminary to the greatest national strike mapped out for this country.

CHANNEL GLIDE.

SEAPLANES FAIL TO ATTEND FRENCH AIRMAN.

M. Georges Barbot, the French airman, abandoned yesterday his attempt to cross the Channel from the French side in his 15-h.p. glider.

He left St. Ingelvert, near Calais, at 1.37 in the afternoon, states a Reuter message, rose to a height of over 3,000 feet, and flew over the French coast for two hours, waiting for the two seaplanes which were to accompany him across.

These failed to appear, and Barbot landed at St. Ingelvert again at 3.40. M. Barbot was to have accomplished the feat alone. The small engine of his glider, which was provided for in the terms of the £1,000 competition which he aspired to win, was solely for the purpose of rising to a great height, from which he would begin his long glide.

2,000,000 MILES BY TRAIN.

Guard's 27 Years' Service on the "Owl" Express.

When the midnight express from Paddington reached Plymouth yesterday, the guard, Stacey, who has been in charge of it for 27 years, completed two million miles in the Great Western service.

The express is popularly known throughout the system as "The Owl," because many times owls have been attracted by the glare of the locomotive and have dashed themselves to death against the footplate of the engine.

Stacey's courtesy is particularly known to naval officers who go down from town to join their ships.

HUMAN DRAMAS:

Her Own Trumpeter.—"I am my husband's perfect wife," Woman at Tottenham.

Shown-up Showman.—"My husband keeps on leaving me," he's a travelling showman," said a wife at Willesden giving evidence of his alleged desertion.

His Head Lost.—"I have lost the inside of my nose, and if I have four or five drinks I can't help it," said an ex-soldier at Lambeth when charged with drunkenness.

Anticipation.—"When I came on the scene there was a h-l of a crowd," said a witness at Willesden. Solicitor (apologetically): He means a large crowd, sir. Magistrate: He is possibly anticipating a crowd in the place to which he refers.

Where His Pension Went.—When George Boddy (24), a homeless labourer, was fined 5s. at Acton for drunkenness, it was stated that accused had just drawn an Army pension of 16s., of which, on arrest, he had 1s. 6d. left.

Obliging Man's Discharge.—"I generally plead guilty, it saves a lot of trouble," remarked Henry Brown (61), a labourer, who at North London was charged on remand with begging. Mr. Pope (to accused): This time you will be discharged.

Honours Easy.—Two women who had quarrelled overnight attended at Lambeth to air their grievances. "I want the protection of the law," exclaimed one after she had recounted her woes. "She used most abusive language, not fit for a dog to hear," declared the other. "I am an Irishwoman and I am proud of it." Both women were bound over to keep the peace towards each other for the next 12 months.

Prohibition and Prohibition.—"He did not seem to know who he was, where he was, or where he had come from," said Ed. Hardie, a railway porter, in giving evidence against Renard Geo. Hill (30), an ex-service man, who was charged with being drunk, assaulting Hardie, and travelling on the railway without paying his fare. Accused, who was arrested on the station at midnight, was stated to have been badly wounded in the head. Accused was placed on probation for a year on condition that he became a retail dealer and abstained from entering public houses.

YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

After Sixteen Years.—A constable had his first charge at Lambeth after sixteen years' service in the Force.

Prayers for a Husband.—"I have prayed for my husband every night these forty years, but I can't kneel because of my rheumatics," said a wife at Willesden.

Where the Blow Fell.—"Where did he strike you?" asked the chairman at Kingston of a man who was granted process for alleged assault. "By the side of the water-pipe," was the reply.

Two Speedy Divorces.—A wife at Willesden told the Bench that her husband said, "I've got all my things, so I'm off, and you're no longer Mrs. Woodcock." Magistrate: A speedy formula of divorce, but wholly ineffectual.

Sleeping Soldiers Robbed.—Caught in the barracks room in the act of robbing the clothing of the sleeping soldiers, Chas. Martin (27), a bootmaker, was at Middlesex Sessions sentenced to 18 months' hard labour for stealing an overcoat and gloves at Hounslow Barracks.

The Plimsoll Line.—"I see you are a stevedore; you ought to know where the Plimsoll line is, and not take on too heavy a cargo. Watch the line in future," said the Thames magistrate (Mr. J. A. R. Cairns), in fining a man 7s. 6d. for drunkenness.

Burglar's Breakfast.—Said to roam from place to place, existing by petty larceny, John Beach (42), labourer, who pleaded guilty, was at Middlesex Sessions sentenced to three months' hard labour for breaking into a railway refreshment room at Willesden Junction. Accused got into the buffet, had a breakfast of eggs and bacon, and stole 15s. packets of cigarettes. When arrested he was selling the cigarettes in the street at 3d. a packet. Det.-Sgt. Huff said Beach "lived rough" and did practically no work.

Mistake at the Races.—Expressing the opinion that prosecutor had evidently made a mistake as to the men with whom he made his bet, the Kingston justices dismissed a charge of wounding at Sandown Park races brought against Victor Leopold Boynton (40), a commission agent, of Rayleigh-rd., West Kensington, and Fred Jarvis (54), a clerk, of Kingwood-rd., Fulham. Mr. W. Hooper, of Sandown, alleged that he backed Boynton at the last Sandown meeting with Boynton, but accused denied this, and said they had no bets on the race in question.

DAY OF THE YOUNG LEGISLATOR.

PRACTICAL HANDLING OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

(By a Parliamentary Correspondent.)

In well-informed circles in London there is widespread comment concerning the new spirit which is actuating the Government.

It is regarded as indicative that the progressive and conciliatory influence of the younger men has come to the front and that problems are being handled from their practical rather than their political side. Take some recent events.

The appointment of the Anderson Committee to overhaul expenditure. The grant to the Civil Service of an Arbitration Board, always opposed by Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

The concession of an inquiry into the case of the ex-Servicemen in Government employ, known as the Lytton trials.

The notification to the National Whitley Council that the pay and conditions of the writing assistants are to be investigated.

The announcement that the scale of increases of pension to pre-war pensioners benefiting by the Act of 1920 is to be revised upwards.

The sympathetic treatment of the case of the dockyard apprentices who have been dismissed at Devonport owing to cutting down.

The declaration by the Postmaster-General that he is voluntarily considering whether the Sutton case does not apply to all single Civil Servants.

The ground for the belief—and it is considerable—that before the present Parliament ends the Government will make a considerable improvement in the position of old age pensioners.

The very sympathetic handling of the law affecting workmen's compensation.

The strong belief that further reduction in taxation is quite likely on the consideration of the Finance Bill.

The expedited evacuation of Iraq.

The certainty of further concessions on the Housing Bill.

Without doubt the general policy will be continued. The Treasury Bench may not possess debaters or be characterised by great imagination, but its occupants are trying to show they can work and on the Back Benches there are crowds of younger politicians who are not satisfied to mark time.

There will probably be many more surprises.

BEGGAR'S ELDORADO.

Three Times as Many Vagrants as in Pre-War Days.

There are said to be three times as many vagrants in Yorkshire to-day as there were in pre-war days.

It was estimated some time ago there were 10,000 tramps in the county. Recently in one area the women admitted to casual wards have been taking in with them bottles of methylated spirits.

Yorkshire has been described as "The Beggar's Eldorado," and seems to have a reputation for being a happy hunting ground for tramps, beggars and wanderers. A police officer in a Bradford court declared that "these people live on the fat of the land like fighting cocks."

Bradford police are very quick to arrest beggars as they come into the city, but on certain days in the week large numbers of beggars board trams to Leeds, where the by-laws against begging are said to be less stringent.

"HULLO" KIOSKS ON EMBANKMENT.

RIVERSIDE 'PHONES.

NEW COMPANIONS FOR THE SPHINXES.

Special to "The People."

The Thames Embankment, for long decorated with solemn-eyed Sphinxes and their appropriate companions in stone, is to be brightened, or at least modernised, by the addition of a number of telephone kiosks erected at intervals along its stretch.

While these innovations may be welcomed by the modernists who find the telephone more than an essential to their daily life, there are most certainly others who will look askance at this violation of the sacred haunts of memorials and tradition.

It is not true that these kiosks have been ordered in the shape of Cleopatra's Needle, and as yet no information is to hand as to what colour scheme will be adopted.

London is undoubtedly short of telephone boxes, but many people are of the opinion that better places could be found for the additional ones than on the Thames Embankment.

OBJECTIONS.

Such was the opinion of a man-in-the-street interviewed by "The People."

"London is a strange place of inconveniences," he said. "Only the tube stations and an occasional obliging shopkeeper afford the public with a call of facilities. In the provinces, Nottingham, for instance, every street has its telephone kiosk."

"Why the Embankment should be chosen, though, I cannot imagine. Doubtless the idea is to attract people to this delightful spot. Personally, I think two kiosks would be ample there, but there should certainly be one in every street."

The chief objections are raised by the lovers of old London, who say that the telephone would be out of place in such surroundings.

One can almost imagine the famous Needle crumbling away, for undoubtedly when winter returns and the lights are low some misguided reveller will mistake it for a telephone kiosk, and say "Hullo" into one of its crevices.

That would be enough to make any self-respecting needle shiver itself to dust!

TONBRIDGE SMILES.

MIXED BATHING STOPPED, BUT NOT THROUGH MR. CLARK.

Tonbridge open-air swimming baths, which gained notoriety some three years ago owing to the attitude of ex-Councillor Donald Clark, were reopened this week, and when a number of would-be bathers turned up yesterday they were informed that mixed bathing was to be omitted from this year's programme.

Mr. Donald Clark is said to be distinctly pleased at having scored a success for his point of view. The Town Clerk's explanation of the matter is, however, that mixed bathing has been found not to pay during the past three years.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN

The Belt of Health

This Belt contains 12 Electro Magnets
NO SHOCKS.
NO RATTLES.
NO RECHARGING.

SENT ON APPROVAL FOR 7 DAYS' HOME TRIAL

1/-

DON'T TAKE DRUGS

You can get New Life and Vigour by wearing my

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT.

From the moment that you put it on, and just as long as you wear it, it will continue to pour a gentle current of retentive power throughout your whole body, giving you such strength and vigour as you have never known before.

THE POWER OF MAGNETISM.

That great and mysterious power that governs the vital forces of our bodies, is often lost or reduced to the lowest ebb by illness, grief, nerve shocks, mental depression, addiction to drugs or the over use of stimulants or tobacco. But, whatever the cause, it can be completely restored, and sound, robust health can be regained by simply wearing my Electro-Magnetic Belt.

TO MEN who are weak, who feel the strain and stress of life, who lack ambition, who feel the effects of advancing age, and who have tried all manner of remedies, but found them useless, Magnetism comes as a life-giving tonic.

TO WOMEN who are weak and depressed, who are lacking in energy, whose nerves are all on edge, who are run-down and over-worked, Magnetism, Nature's great restorative power, offers relief that no medicine or other form of treatment can give.

2500 FORFEIT IF I FAIL

To prove that every test mental I publish is absolutely genuine and unadulterated.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

You run no risk in testing the Belt, because I send a signed guarantee of money back if you are not perfectly satisfied, providing the belt is returned to me within 7 days.

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Send for it NOW, test it, wear it. Thousands have benefited by wearing my Belt. Why should not YOU? The full price of the Belt is 7/6, and I am so confident of its powers that I offer to send it on the small deposit of 1/- (See coupon.)

Special 'On Approval' Coupon

Write full name and address in a piece of paper, cut out and attach this coupon, give size of waist, enclose with 1/- and 6d. for postage and packing, and post it to me. I will send you the Belt on the understanding that if you keep it you will pay the balance 6/6 in seven days, or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

"The People," 6/2.

ASHTON BENNETT,
37, BERNERS ST., LONDON, W.1.

ALL NIGHT REVELS IN A "KINEMA SCHOOL."

GIRL STUDENTS TRICKED BY BOGUS PRODUCER.

The peacefulness of many of the art colonies of London has been seriously shaken by the machinations of rich Bohemians of shady reputation. Under the guise of art, men of immoral and fraudulent practices have lured into their studios girls who wished to be art students.

"The People" Special Correspondent gives below his own experience of what has occurred when these vampires have drawn innocent girls into their clutches.

(Exclusive to "The People.")

MANY strange cults and businesses masquerade under the name of art.

Recently Chelsea has been visited by a large number of unprincipled persons who have paid large sums to obtain possession of studios which they use for immoral or fraudulent purposes.

Naturally the presence in their midst of these so-called artists has cast more than one serious shadow over the character of the real art colony, and the rich Bohemians who have swooped down on this quarter of London are becoming a menace to all concerned.

Like the cuckoo, they move from place to place, leaving the results of their machinations behind them. Hampstead, Bloomsbury, St. John's Wood, and Chelsea have all been visited by these people, many of whom are little less than moral degenerates and harpies of the worst order.

There is many a broken-hearted girl in Chelsea who could tell a strange story of her experiences in an "artistic" rag, and more than one young man has cause to regret that he ever was induced to bring the girl of his heart to a party held at the studio presided over by these vampires.

The drama which has kept Chelsea talking for some time past started when a certain artist lost a large sum of money in a business made last year, and in order to husband what little sum remained to him until the crisis was past, he accepted the offer of an "American cinema producer" to take his studio off his hands for six months while he went to work in the country.

The artist concerned is one of the last men to allow his studio to be used for any nefarious or questionable scheme.

SPINNING THE WEB.

The plausible rogue immediately installed himself in the studio and opened what he termed was a first-class cinema school. The newspapers were flooded with his advertisements for pupils, and to assist in the working of his school he bought apparatus on the hire-purchase system. He engaged the services of a beautiful girl as secretary, produced important-looking letters, and like the spider who has woven a good web, set himself down to wait for the victims.

Among the first applicants was myself, and after paying a cheque for two guineas, I was turned into a room filled with happy young girls all anxiously waiting for the arrival of the instructor.

Notable among the captures was a little Russian refugee who brought her father to see the "producer."

When the instructor arrived the aspirants were all put through a pseudo test, myself included, which consisted of having to read a series of letters; sentimental, startling, perplexing, etc., in order that the camera "face" of each person might be recorded under certain conditions.

Incidentally the camera had not yet arrived, and I was surprised to be told that I should exceedingly well, so well in fact that I was immediately promoted to senior instructor in the school.

"Say, Boy," said the producer, in his fascinating American drawl, "guinea were short of brains in this outfit. . . . You're a cut above the average here. You inspire confidence, so here's your two guineas back for a start." He then handed me two £1 notes and a two-shilling piece. "Now get busy, boy," he commanded, and instruction began with the few pupils who were waiting to be shown how to smile.

THE ELOPEMENT SCENE.

Later a score or more pupils joined the established set, and it was interesting to note that every doted girl there was only one boy. Among the men who joined, one was the son of a detective; special care was taken of him, he being the only pupil to obtain a job in a crowd at £1 a day, while another, a well-set-up, good-looking young fellow with an undoubted "film-face" was offered a partnership on account of a consideration. However, on seeing what sort of business the studio was likely to do he and myself severed connection with the American producer.

While waiting for the "producer's" arrival many of the girls, who were mainly artists' models and typists out of work, continued their hopes and fears to the "assistant producer." These classes meant everything to them. What hardships, disappointments followed can only be imagined. Many of them had scraped and pared to save the necessary fee for tuition, and one and all expected to earn their bread and butter by playing on the silver screen.

The first rehearsal was held. The "boss" came blustering in. "Off with your coats, boys," he cried, "and let's get busy."

"S—," he said to me, "let's see you take this class—an elopement scene."

I was supplied with a worn attaché case and a girl and sent to the foot of a staircase, on which the girl was told to stand.

"Camera," cried the "boss." Neither the instructor nor the pupil had the vaguest idea what was expected of them—neither had the "producer." He hovered around like an evil genius.

"Take her!" he screamed. "Take her as if you loved her—man, haven't you got any 'zip' in you?" The girl bowed the stairs.

"Now kiss her," he shrieked.

THE YOUNG "TARS" TOMMY WANTS THE NEW HOME.

R.N.B.T. MEETING. THE MAGIC STRIP.

NAVY NOTES: By "The Man Behind the Gun."

IN the present eclipse under which the Royal Navy is suffering it is pleasant to know that all is not unrelieved gloom.

The magnificent estate of Holbrook, which was presented to Greenwich Hospital by Mr. G. H. Meade, in token of his admiration for the services of the fleet in the Great War, is to be utilised as the future home of that nurturing ground of sailors, Greenwich Hospital School.

It is admirably placed for the purpose in South-East London, between the Rivers Orwell and Stour, and quite close to Shotley, the naval boys' training establishment.

It has long been felt that the ancient buildings in which G. H. School is housed are not now the best or most suitable for such a purpose.

With the estate as a gift there will not only be profit to the boys' health in better air and surroundings, but with admirably sea experience within reach, but there should be financial profit.

The R.N.B.T.

Essentially businesslike was the first annual meeting of the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust, under the chairmanship of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Rupert Brand, held, appropriately enough, in the theatre of the R.N.B.T., Whitehall.

It is no light thing for men of the lower-deck to be entrusted with £100,000 of capital to be administered for benevolent and welfare purposes; while it is a sign of the changed mentality of fleetmen that not only have their representatives been thus given this responsibility, but the result has been most successful and gratifying.

During the past year £16,533 has been distributed in general grants, £1,200 in special grants, and the expense of Mayfield House Orphanage in Edinburgh amounted to £1,370. In addition, the Naval School of Motoring at Portsmouth has been carrying out its business of training men for taking up posts in civil life, with a turnover of £2,234. An aggregate of 195 men have been trained in the school and many have found excellent employment.

In every way but one the R.N.B.T. has succeeded in its business of providing for the needy, caring for the orphan, and providing opportunities for men on discharge.

Its only failure is its lack of appreciation of the fact that only as it advances its deeds (in the same way as do all other benevolent undertakings) will it bring home to seamen generally their duty of supporting their own purely naval organisation.

Coastguard Fund.

In a recent interview with an influential member of the C.G.L.I.F. it was learned that the views expressed in these notes as to the urgent necessity of winding-up the Fund are shared by the major number of the Committee.

Apart from the fact that the Coastguard, as a separate corps, has practically ceased to exist, there is the system under which many of the older members, who have long since paid in much more than their nominees will receive at their death, are still compelled to pay at the original rate, or be penalised by losing all rights.

As has previously been stated, however, the assets must be very carefully realised or there will be a serious shrinkage of the face value of the Fund's securities. In this December, 1922, amounted to £57,701.

Pre-War Pensioners.

No many correspondents who consult "The People" belong to this category, that it will be well to premise that although the Government has decided to introduce legislation with the object of improving the position of pre-war pensioners, that until the Special Committee (which is to be set up to work out the details of the scheme) has reported nothing will be known as to who, and by how much, any description of pensioner will benefit.

It is to be hoped that under the legislation promised there will be no discrimination between those who are resident in the United Kingdom and those who are living in our dependencies and colonies.

In this connection, those who happened to live in the Southern State of Ireland when the Pensioners (Increase) Act, 1920, became law, and who were dealt with, Ireland being then part of the United Kingdom, are more fortunate than many who were residing in our colonies and who were excluded upon that ground alone.

That the need for a general overhaul of the scale under which pre-war pensions have been paid, and while there are being investigated it should be also particularly directed to reviewing the system under which so many men, who returned to fight in the war, were commissioned and did splendid service, and are then disabled with little or no increase to their pre-war pensions.

There are also very many officers who were on pre-war disability pensions, who by an official quibble, are entirely unprovided for the services they rendered in the Great War. These, too, should be considered when the new scales are under revision.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REPLYING to Mr. W. G. Phipps, who writes to "The People" asking for information regarding the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust, the following information is given:—

The Trust was founded in 1914, and its object is to provide for the needs of the Royal Navy and its dependencies. It is a charitable institution, and its funds are derived from the sale of securities and other investments.

The Trust has a committee of management, and its affairs are conducted in accordance with the provisions of the Trust Deed. It is subject to the supervision of the Charity Commissioners.

The Trust has a number of branches, and its funds are distributed to various institutions and individuals who are in need of assistance.

The Trust is a valuable institution, and its work is of great importance to the Royal Navy and its dependencies.

TOMMY WANTS THE BATTLE CLASP.

THE MAGIC STRIP.

ARMY NOTES: By "Tommy Atkins."

MEDAL hunger is a potent thing.

Since the Armistice I have dealt with some thousands of letters about the 1914 Star, the Territorial War Medal, the two war medals of general application, the three General Service Medals, and of course the chief decorations, and more particularly the Meritorious Service Medal, which is a subject of special interest to old soldiers because it has money attached to it. But the letters appealing for a medal for men who saw home service only must have run into tens of thousands, and still they come.

Medal hunger, however, is simply not in it with battle clasp hunger. The war medal itself is meaningless to the old warrior unless it is surrounded by the strip with those magic letters which will let the whole world know that he verily was there. If the medal at all gives satisfaction to the clasp-hungry, he regards it in his blue moments almost as an affront. I have but a beggarly five "picnic" clasps, but there is one which I would not exchange for all the General Service "gongs" in existence.

The Case for Clasps.

The War Office is still considering the matter of battle clasps for the Great War; it cannot logically refuse them. It granted a clasp for the 1914 Star. Why not, therefore, for greater (or at least more extensive and decisive) operations in 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918? Since the Armistice it has been granting clasps for Afghanistan, Waziristan, Iraq, Kurdistan, and N.W. Persia—why not, therefore, for Ypres and the Somme? Naval men who fought in the Dardanelles are entitled to a clasp—soldiers who fought beside them are entitled to none.

It is surely not too much to ask that Italian or French soldiers should get engagements which they helped less to win than unrewarded British Tommies. The Allied Victory Medal was meant to secure uniformity and obviate multiplication in the matter of medals; why not similar uniformity in the matter of clasps for the major operations of the war?

A Way Out.

It is not necessary that clasps should be distributed wholesale, so that every soldier's breast would resemble a Venetian blind (although 24 were approved in all for the Boer War, and 25, I think, for the Great War). The War Office could confine itself to awarding clasps to individual battles, and could take as the basis of the award the "honours" which are to appear in the regimental colours. These are limited to five, and the number would not be excessive, even if one man won more than one clasp (a very unlikely event) to win them all, as I remember a cavalryman, who secured seven "fighting clasps" to his Queen's Medal for the Boer War.

Pensioners' Thanks.

Every pre-war pensioner has had his ear close to the ground since the Government first announced its intention to bring in a Bill to improve the pensioners' rates. Letters have come in from all parts asking for further details—both the actual Bill is not yet in my hands. Readers should therefore wait for this column. Letters of thanks to "The People" for what it has done have also not been lacking, coupled with suggestions for the Committee's attention.

"Captain" (Brixton) writes: "Many hundred pensioned W.O.s and N.C.O.s, who received temporary commissions during the Great War, have to thank you for the manner in which you have stood for their cause." G. I. (Brighton) writes: "This new move is, indeed, a feather in 'The People's' cap, and every pensioner should be thankful for all that you have said and done for them. I heartily congratulate you on bringing this matter to its final issue."

"Captain" (Retired) (Gillingham) writes: "We thank you for the very helpful articles you have written on our behalf. 'Banker' officers, who appreciate 'The People's' work, should get in touch with the Secretary, R.A.O., Westcourt, Gillingham, Kent."

A Suggestion.

A South Coast correspondent's suggestion to the Government Committee is as follows:—"The simplest thing to do would be to reassess all the pre-war pensioners, according to the new A.O. 325 of 1913, scale and then allow those who served during the war to count the amount of service rendered after August 4, 1914, towards the reassessment, with an addition for those who obtained a commission—say, 45 for each complete year on part of a year's commissionary service. As things are now, those who served one year received the same reward as those who obtained a commission and served five years." What are readers' views on that?

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WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT.

By ANDREW BUCHANAN, J.P.

LAST week I referred to the Rowan Thomson scheme and I should now like to outline another which is working equally successfully.

It is the scheme of Priestman Bros., engineers, of Hull. A Works Committee representing workers and management decide, under normal conditions, the average output and fix a standard—100. The standard output carries standard earnings. Any increase on standard output carries increase on standard earnings, but any reduction in output does not involve reduction in earnings, which are fixed, but such losses are recovered from future increases. From manager to messenger all participate.

The Scheme at Work.

STANDARD OUTPUT — 100.

1st 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th 10th

Output 100 120 140 160 180 200 220 240 260 280

Wages 4 4.2 4.4 4.6 4.8 5.0 5.2 5.4 5.6 5.8

Salaries 4.2 4.4 4.6 4.8 5.0 5.2 5.4 5.6 5.8 6.0

The immense advantage of this scheme is that there is no aggregation, but all benefit, and it automatically kills "canny."

The Bradford Brothers.

I would like to congratulate the Bradford Brotherhood on its rapid success. Although not quite two years old it has a membership of several hundreds. It has a fine sports ground and has two football clubs, two cricket teams, and two tennis courts, and will soon have a bowling green. It has a hut on the ground capable of seating 300, which is used for entertainments, meetings and debates. In addition, it has a Saturday fund, a Provident Society, as well as a thrift, book, and coal clubs.

The secretary, Mr. S. W. Hooper, 191, Windmill-rd., South Ealing, W.5, asks me to say that all "People" readers will be welcomed at the Whit-Monday gala day in the sports ground in Clifden-rd., from 2 to 10 p.m. Also, any readers who will warmly receive any Sunday in the Town Mission Hall, Alexandra-rd., from 3 to 4.30. This is good business, true brotherhood and practical Christianity.

Old Age Pensions.

A correspondent in Kensington wants to know the income limits applied to the granting of an old age pension and what is going to happen in future. When the income does not exceed £25 ss., the full 10s. per week is given.

When income but does not exceed Pension

£25 ss. £31 10s. 6d. £32 10s. 6d. £33 10s. 6d. £34 10s. 6d. £35 10s. 6d. £36 10s. 6d. £37 10s. 6d. £38 10s. 6d. £39 10s. 6d. £40 10s. 6d. £41 10s. 6d. £42 10s. 6d. £43 10s. 6d. £44 10s. 6d. £45 10s. 6d. £46 10s. 6d. £47 10s. 6d. £48 10s. 6d. £49 10s. 6d. £50 10s. 6d. £51 10s. 6d. £52 10s. 6d. £53 10s. 6d. £54 10s. 6d. £55 10s. 6d. £56 10s. 6d. £57 10s. 6d. £58 10s. 6d. £59 10s. 6d. £60 10s. 6d. £61 10s. 6d. £62 10s. 6d. £63 10s. 6d. £64 10s. 6d. £65 10s. 6d. £66 10s. 6d. £67 10s. 6d. £68 10s. 6d. £69 10s. 6d. £70 10s. 6d. £71 10s. 6d. £72 10s. 6d. £73 10s. 6d. £74 10s. 6d. £75 10s. 6d. £76 10s. 6d. £77 10s. 6d. £78 10s. 6d. £79 10s. 6d. £80 10s. 6d. £81 10s. 6d. £82 10s. 6d. £83 10s. 6d. £84 10s. 6d. £85 10s. 6d. £86 10s. 6d. £87 10s. 6d. £88 10s. 6d. £89 10s. 6d. £90 10s. 6d. £91 10s. 6d. £92 10s. 6d. £93 10s. 6d. £94 10s. 6d. £95 10s. 6d. £96 10s. 6d. £97 10s. 6d. £98 10s. 6d. £99 10s. 6d. £100 10s. 6d. £101 10s. 6d. £102 10s. 6d. £103 10s. 6d. £104 10s. 6d. £105 10s. 6d. £106 10s. 6d. £107 10s. 6d. £108 10s. 6d. £109 10s. 6d. £110 10s. 6d. £111 10s. 6d. £112 10s. 6d. £113 10s. 6d. £114 10s. 6d. £115 10s. 6d. £116 10s. 6d. £117 10s. 6d. £118 10s. 6d. £119 10s. 6d. £120 10s. 6d. £121 10s. 6d. £122 10s. 6d. £123 10s. 6d. £124 10s. 6d. £125 10s. 6d. £126 10s. 6d. £127 10s. 6d. £128 10s. 6d. £129 10s. 6d. £130 10s. 6d. £131 10s. 6d. £132 10s. 6d. £133 10s. 6d. £134 10s. 6d. £135 10s. 6d. £136 10s. 6d. £137 10s. 6d. £138 10s. 6d. £139 10s. 6d. £140 10s. 6d. £141 10s. 6d. £142 10s. 6d. £143 10s. 6d. £144 10s. 6d. £145 10s. 6d. £146 10s. 6d. £147 10s. 6d. £148 10s. 6d. £149 10s. 6d. £150 10s. 6d. £151 10s. 6d. £152 10s. 6d. £153 10s. 6d. £154 10s. 6d. £155 10s. 6d. £156 10s. 6d. £157 10s. 6d. £158 10s. 6d. £159 10s. 6d. £160 10s. 6d. £161 10s. 6d. £162 10s. 6d. £163 10s. 6d. £164 10s. 6d. £165 10s. 6d. £166 10s. 6d. £167 10s. 6d. £168 10s. 6d. £169 10s. 6d. £170 10s. 6d. £171 10s. 6d. £172 10s. 6d. £173 10s. 6d. £174 10s. 6d. £175 10s. 6d. £176 10s. 6d. £177 10s. 6d. £178 10s. 6d. £179 10s. 6d. £180 10s. 6d. £181 10s. 6d. £182 10s. 6d. £183 10s. 6d. £184 10s. 6d. £185 10s. 6d. £186 10s. 6d. £187 10s. 6d. £188 10s. 6d. £189 10s. 6d. £190 10s. 6d. £191 10s. 6d. £192 10s. 6d. £193 10s. 6d. £194 10s. 6d. £195 10s. 6d. £196 10s. 6d. £197 10s. 6d. £198 10s. 6d. £199 10s. 6d. £200 10s. 6d. £201 10s. 6d. £202 10s. 6d. £203 10s. 6d. £204 10s. 6d. £205 10s. 6d. £206 10s. 6d. £207 10s. 6d. £208 10s. 6d. £209 10s. 6d. £210 10s. 6d. £211 10s. 6d. £212 10s. 6d. £213 10s. 6d. £214 10s. 6d. £215 10s. 6d. £216 10s. 6d. £217 10s. 6d. £218 10s. 6d. £219 10s. 6d. £220 10s. 6d. £221 10s. 6d. £222 10s. 6d. £223 10s. 6d. £224 10s. 6d. £225 10s. 6d. £226 10s. 6d. £227 10s. 6d. £228 10s. 6d. £229 10s. 6d. £230 10s. 6d. £231 10s. 6d. £232 10s. 6d. £233 10s. 6d. £234 10s. 6d. £235 10s. 6d. £236 10s. 6d. £237 10s. 6d. £238 10s. 6d. £239 10s. 6d. £240 10s. 6d. £241 10s. 6d. £242 10s. 6d. £243 10s. 6d. £244 10s. 6d. £245 10s. 6d. £246 10s. 6d. £247 10s. 6d. £248 10s. 6d. £249 10s. 6d. £250 10s. 6d. £251 10s. 6d. £252 10s. 6d. £253 10s. 6d. £254 10s. 6d. £255 10s. 6d. £256 10s. 6d. £257 10s. 6d. £258 10s. 6d. £259 10s. 6d. £260 10s. 6d. £261 10s. 6d. £262 10s. 6d. £263 10s. 6d. £264 10s. 6d. £265 10s. 6d. £266 10s. 6d. £267 10s. 6d. £268 10s. 6d. £269 10s. 6d. £270 10s. 6d. £271 10s. 6d. £272 10s. 6d. £273 10s. 6d. £274 10s. 6d. £275 10s. 6d. £276 10s. 6d. £277 10s. 6d. £278 10s. 6d. £279 10s. 6d. £280 10s. 6d. £281 10s. 6d. £282 10s. 6d. £283 10s. 6d. £284 10s. 6d. £285 10s. 6d. £286 10s. 6d. £287 10s. 6d. £288 10s. 6d. £289 10s. 6d. £290 10s. 6d. £291 10s. 6d. £292 10s. 6d. £293 10s. 6d. £294 10s. 6d. £295 10s. 6d. £296 10s. 6d. £297 10s. 6d. £298 10s. 6d. £299 10s. 6d. £300 10s. 6d. £301 10s. 6d. £302 10s. 6d. £303 10s. 6d. £304 10s. 6d. £305 10s. 6d. £306 10s. 6d. £307 10s. 6d. £308 10s. 6d. £309 10s. 6d. £310 10s. 6d. £311 10s. 6d. £312 10s. 6d. £313 10s. 6d. £314 10s. 6d. £315 10s. 6d. £316 10s. 6d. £317 10s. 6d. £318 10s. 6d. £319 10s. 6d. £320 10s. 6d. £321 10s. 6d. £322 10s. 6d. £323 10s. 6d. £324 10s. 6d. £325 10s. 6d. £326 10s. 6d. £327 10s. 6d. £328 10s. 6d. £329 10s. 6d. £330 10s. 6d. £331 10s. 6d. £332 10s

THE BIG HEART: MODERN STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE: By JOHN G. BRANDON.

CHAPTER XIV—(continued).

RATRAY considered. "Yes, a spinney a couple of hundred yards down the lane; and a big barn on the other side of it."

Crossing the farmyard a deep-mouthed dog barked loudly from some black shadow. Paddy stood waiting, but heard the clank of the chain through the vicious bark and went on.

A servant answered his knock—a drab-looking, half-swagger, half-pleading, half-punctilious politeness. He beamed on her, but in hand.

"I'm calling upon Mrs. Lomax," he said. "The most important. I'm sorry to trouble you."

The slatternly lady stared at him vacantly for a moment; then opened the door widely. "Come in," she said grumblingly.

In a second Mr. Courtenay was in the dimly lit hall, and had the door closed behind him.

"Meredith," he murmured grimly, "we're in."

The staring-eyed one threw open a door upon a brightly lit room, and without troubling about the formality of knocking.

"Someone's in here," she mumbled; and departed without further word or look. In a trice Mr. Courtenay was in the room and had the second door closed at his back.

He found himself facing a tall, magnificently proportioned woman, with a skin the colour of dusky, red-tinted olive, and raven hair. Her eyes, which reminded him strongly of Howarth's, were blue-black, and had the same cruel leering light.

They stared back into his with a cruel mockery that gave complete index to the character of the woman. She would not be easily beaten—an intrepid and indomitable person. There was something of the wild in her—in the untrammelled poise of the body, the graceful carriage of the gleaming white teeth accentuated by her full-blooded red lips. Courtenay did not remember having ever seen a handsomer-looking woman—or a wicked.

On the floor, upon a rug, squatted a small red-skinned boy of whom Patrick promptly thought that his father was not the devil, he was certainly nearest blood relative.

"Say you," drawled the woman, "you've got some funny manners in this country. Ain't it usual to be asked before you sail into a person's apartment?"

"It is," Patrick assured her sweetly; and I thought I had been; but, in any case, my business is so urgent that I should have been persistent. Your name is Mrs. Lomax?"

The dark-skinned woman surveyed him leisurely, with a curl of her full lips. "For the present," she answered laconically, "that'll do as well as my name."

"Quite so, quite so," breathed Patrick pleasantly. "You called to-day upon the Countess of Racedene?"

"Wrong," said Mrs. Lomax tersely. "I think not," smiled Patrick, "really, you know, I think not."

"I don't know that it cuts much to me what you think," she remarked the lady gravely. "Anyhow, I guess you're wrong. I called on the woman who calls herself the Countess of Racedene."

"Ah, yes," murmured Patrick vaguely, "of course, of course."

"Well, she didn't see me. Wasn't at home, so that I can't believe him. Well," she seated herself and drew from a mat-case a cigarette which she lit and inhaled deeply. "I can wait as long as she can, I reckon. Though I don't mind saying, she bent towards Courtenay and the fire in her black eyes named dangerous," "that I don't figure upon waiting long."

Mr. Courtenay beamed. "Ah, now there you are," he said waving his hand. "Lady Racedene was away and has just got back. She will see you at once."

Mrs. Lomax eyed him contemptuously. "You can run back and tell her she can wait my time now," she said. "Tomorrow will do."

"I am to tell Lady Racedene then," he asked smilingly, "that you will not see her?"

"I'll see her to-morrow," repeated the woman stubbornly.

"My dear good lady," said Patrick firmly, "you will do nothing of the kind. After to-night the only people you will see will be her lawyers—her attorneys. I think you call them in the States. Those, and perhaps, the police."

"The police," echoed the woman rising, "what have they got to do with a case like this?"

"They may be necessary," replied Patrick sweetly to pursue inquiries upon the other side."

"Who with?" she questioned quickly. "The authorities," he replied quietly, "the authorities of Tombstone, Arizona, and the Wyoming Territory."

There was but the faintest flicker of an eyelid from the woman when Mr. Courtenay fired his partizan shot; inwardly he admired her nerve. She showed her brilliant white teeth in a long dry smile; but her eyes, Patrick noted, glinted steadily.

"What have they got to do with this clattering place and the Racedenes?" she asked slowly.

"That," responded Mr. Courtenay with a pleasant smile, "we have to find out."

There was a silence of a moment's duration in which Mrs. Lomax appeared to be waiting keenly. Patrick glanced at his watch anxiously, though he did not permit that anxiety to appear upon the surface.

After a pause the woman lifted her head. "I'll see to her," she declared suddenly.

"Get your things," she ordered the boy curtly. She pulled a tailor-made coat roughly on and put on her hat. Again Mr. Courtenay was constrained to admire the easy grace and symmetry of her powerful figure. When she declared herself as ready he led the way from the room and from the house. In the lane, darkness now broken on with vivid patches of brilliant moonlight, he explained that the car was at a little distance owing to the roughness of the road. She made no sound as she went on with a free easy stride that covered the ground rapidly. Her face, he could observe in the moonlight, was cast in thought.

"Ah," thought Mr. Patrick. "I've got you guessing, my lass."

At the car, which had been turned in readiness, Mr. Courtenay opened the door and stood politely aside for her to enter. Mr. Ferris was already at the wheel and touched his car with ultra-servility as Mr. Courtenay and his companions approached.

necessities of the case would permit. In the next second he had cast aside his restraint; it would have been much safer to have hurled oneself gently upon an infuriated tiger.

A pungent acid odour filled the inside of the car before the mée was over, and two silent and rug-covered figures lay still upon the back seat of the limousine.

"Open that window, for God's sake," gasped Mr. Courtenay faintly. "Phew!"

"Talk about a 'andful' commented Mr. Clamper breathing hard. "Strong as an ox. And that blasted kid's bin 'n' bit me fair through the leg!"

Patrick, taking long, deep breaths of the revivifying night air, hung from the window and apostrophised his chauffeur.

"As soon as we're on the main road let her rip!" he ordered. "What the hell's that awful smell?"

"How'd back Mr. Ferris disgustfully. "Either, you blithering ass," roared Mr. Courtenay. "Either."

CHAPTER XV.

MR. DEVIGNE USES THE SPUR.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Van Tulse Schornhurst with deep portentousness, "have you noticed that John Hammerden has been a worried man this day or two?"

Mr. Schornhurst laid down the Paris edition of the New York paper he was perusing and, pushing his tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses from his nose to a precarious position upon his forehead, studied his spouse attentively.

They were seated in the little parlour where Mr. Courtenay and the fair "Penny" had communed upon the morning of Mr. Blakeley's arrival. The morning was very hot and Mr. Schornhurst painted distressingly.

"Can't say I have, Mad'een," he replied thoughtfully; "beyond that he's an active man and can't stand being glued up with a bum foot. No, I can't say that I have."

"There's something, Jacob," persisted Mrs. Schornhurst. "I'm sure of it. Look at the way these two gentlemen, the Honourable Mr. Blakeley, dash in and away again—at the most extraordinary hours. Six o'clock this morning they came and by the look of Mr. Courtenay he hasn't been in bed since he left here."

"The Honourable Mr. Blakeley has a very distinct black eye. They're helping John Hammerden in something, Jacob; and they're not just ordinary clerks."

"Something's wrong somewhere," Mrs. Schornhurst stroked his chin slowly, then glancing at his watch, solemnly took from his pocket a small enamelled box from which he partook of a stomach and liver tablet. He did this with such an irritating air of detachment that his good wife "phewed" once and "chuckled" twice during the operation.

"Mad'een," he said in a hushed, confiding tone, which quite equalled hers in its note of mysterious portent. "Mad'een, I'll tell you what John and those chaps were at whispering in the room this morning. It's right that you should be wise to it."

Mrs. Schornhurst breathed quickly. "Hush!" she uttered with gratified triumph.

Mr. Schornhurst closed his eyes in thought for a second; his wife's nerves tingled with untrammelled excitement.

"Those fellows and John," said Mr. Schornhurst, "were minding their own business; and they were probably whispering it because they didn't want us to start minding it for them. That's about all."

There was a note of finality about the little magnate's last sentence that left the wife of his bosom in no doubt as to the fact that it was about all.

Mr. Schornhurst's orbs glinted suspiciously at her small husband; but she merely remarked: "Those girls have got a hot day for that place!"

"Twickenham," returned Mr. Schornhurst, who invariably laid deep accent upon the last syllable when mentioning any English place, "yes, this valley is sure warm. Ronny came along and slung me for a handful of Fisher's signatures, so I suppose they're off buying daggers."

"Daggers?" was a favourite word with Jacob. It embraced everything—excluding food and furniture—purchased by an unmarried lady; and applied equally to a pair of shoes, a tailor-made gown, or a book of poems. Daggers, to be regarded indulgently and paid for with a humorously grim twist of the features.

"I've got a notion," went on the little magnate, again that quiet twinkle in his deep-set eyes, "that John's daughter regretted the arrangement when she found the unexpected guests here. I was waiting for her to call it off for a minute, but I suppose it would have looked queer. He broke off with his quiet chuckle and lit a cigar."

Penelope began Mrs. Schornhurst miserably, "p'raps thought that her duty to her father's guests would demand—"

Jacob J. gazed at the end of his cigar and grinned furiously.

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fully. "Did he?" And when do they go, Mad'een? This pair of go-getters—Fly-by-Night Patrick and Bill the Beautiful? When do they rush at the horizon again?" Again Jacob J. gave his little subdued chuckle.

"I understand," answered Mrs. Schornhurst, manifestly disapproving of his levity, "that they leave here after lunch and go on to Wiltshire to the Countess of Racedene's. Mr. Blakeley's sister."

Mrs. Jacob J. made an unctuous mouthful of the Countess, but pronounced the latter part of their destination as though it had been a nervous horse.

"As I understood the arrangements last night," said Mr. Schornhurst, "those girls schemed to get back home around sunset; but I see they've taken that Punch dog with them. Reckon they don't figure on letting that animal—"

"They've decided now," his wife interrupted, as she rose and made a languid, gasping move towards the house, "on getting back to lunch. Penelope thought it better."

Mr. Schornhurst watched his good Mad'een's slow progress across the lawn and smiled satirically.

"I'll bet she did," he murmured, "and so did the Duke of Dublin, or I'll eat my word. I'd bet all Wall-st. to a stick of chewing-tobacco John gets the happy new year."

And at this point Mr. Schornhurst found himself being gazed at by the Honourable Mr. William Blakeley. Upon Mr. Blakeley's face was a look of intense interest.

"I propose to speak to your daughter immediately after lunch," informed the Honourable Mr. Blakeley firmly.

"Yes, I should let her get her lunch first," advised Mr. Schornhurst. "She may need it. Mr. Blakeley stopped short; this Honourable young fellow was certainly the most amazing thing he'd ever struck."

"You, er—you have not spoken to Ronny to my daughter—of of this sort of thing at all?"

"No sir."

"Then how the—how d'ye know whether she'll listen to you or not? How do you know she won't be insulted by your proposal. I don't want to be rude; and I certainly don't want to hurt your feelings; but my daughter is my daughter—and there have been ideas as to—to the station that she can marry into. My money—"

"Oh, damn your money!" burst forth Mr. Blakeley. "It's her I want; not your confounded money."

For a few seconds Jacob J. Schornhurst favoured the Honourable Mr. Blakeley with a complete and dispassionate scrutiny.

"I heard that same remark once," he observed slowly, "in a drama my wife and I went to when we were just married, and had not got what we have now. I thought it was the grandest sentiment I'd ever heard, and my wife cheered. It didn't prevent the chap that said it from taking the deepest stuff though, that I noticed, or keeping a front-line ballet lady with it, while his wife sat round home washing the drawing-room carpet with her tears. No, sir."

The Honourable Bill leaned forward. "If your daughter married me would you cut her off with the proverbial shilling?"

"May be!" replied Mr. Schornhurst, again wondering what the devil the chap was at.

"Give me your word of that and I'll marry her to-morrow," snapped the Honourable Bill.

"Doesn't she have any say so?" inquired Jacob J. with open eyes.

"She'll say 'yes,'" said Mr. Blakeley. "How do you know?" demanded the other.

"I do know," said Mr. Blakeley stubbornly. "You'll see."

"And suppose," demanded Jacob J., "I don't want to see. You've asked me for my permission to pay your respects to my daughter. Supposing I say, and say most emphatically, 'No'—supposing I won't listen to a word of that. That I don't believe my daughter does love you; and if she does—arrum—I consider it an entirely unsuitable arrangement—an impudent suggestion."

The Honourable Bill rose; his face very white. "What do you mean?" he demanded curtly.

Mr. Schornhurst remarked "Pshaw!" with great distinctness.

"Do I understand you, Mr. Schornhurst, to say that if your daughter should love me as I love her, and as I fervently hope and believe she does, that—"

"Hope!" snorted Jacob J.

"Hope and believe," repeated Mr. Blakeley truculently, "that you will refuse your consent because I have not the money of the class she now belongs to? You can have nothing against me. I tell you, he went on passionately, 'I love her and she loves me.'"

"You tell me. I hear you say so."

"She'll tell you before the day is out," said the Honourable Bill. "And when she does, I'll marry her!"

"Who says so?" demanded Mr. Schornhurst.

"I do," replied the Honourable Bill, bringing his fist down upon a little rustic table with a crash, "and you can gather round and see me do it!"

For the moment Jacob J. bent his brows upon this desperate haste-to-the-wedding fellow, with a curious expression.

"Yes," he returned quietly. "I expect I'll be round—some place or other."

"If I'm wrong," went on Mr. Blakeley, "if he doesn't love me, I'll—I'll be the first to say so, and—go away." There was a strange little note in his pleasant voice that made the little Money King glance at him quickly. "I shall always love her. I did from the first moment I saw her, and I shall never forget her. But I'll be no suppliant—there'll be no whining, crawling round after a love that is not for me. I'll take my answer and go. I shall wish for her happiness, and regret her love all the days of my life. It's for her decision—I can't say more."

Mr. Schornhurst sat very still—his eyes were fixed upon the ugly face towering above him; and again that curious expression was in their sunken depths.

"No," he said thoughtfully, "you can't. You're an amazing young man. I don't just remember to have bumped across anything like you before. I've been trying to pull you out a bit. I don't figure to trade my daughter as I would a bunch of securities—so the money side of it doesn't cut much ice with me. I reckon," he concluded, "we'll leave it to Ronny to say what will happen."

(To be continued.)

of asking my advice; because I can tell you right away that John Hammerden can give you all the straight talk your capital will need."

Mr. Blakeley shook his head slowly. "John Hammerden is a good fellow, and a friend; but he can't give me the advice I want," he said quietly.

Jacob J. expressed surprise. "That so?" he said. "Why then—"

"I want to know," said Mr. Blakeley slowly, looking the older man square in the eye, "just what you think of my marrying your daughter?"

For a second, and one second only, Jacob J. was caught short; he gaped—opened his mouth and closed it again without the utterance of a syllable. This was a go-getter, this young fellow! He was indeed with a vengeance.

"It's only fair to say," continued Mr. Blakeley rapidly, "that I have not spoken to Ronny to my daughter—of of this sort of thing at all?"

"No sir."

"Then how the—how d'ye know whether she'll listen to you or not? How do you know she won't be insulted by your proposal. I don't want to be rude; and I certainly don't want to hurt your feelings; but my daughter is my daughter—and there have been ideas as to—to the station that she can marry into. My money—"

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"Hope and believe," repeated Mr. Blakeley truculently, "that you will refuse your consent because I have not the money of the class she now belongs to? You can have nothing against me. I tell you, he went on passionately, 'I love her and she loves me.'"

"You tell me. I hear you say so."

"She'll tell you before the day is out," said the Honourable Bill. "And when she does, I'll marry her!"

"Who says so?" demanded Mr. Schornhurst.

"I do," replied the Honourable Bill, bringing his fist down upon a little rustic table with a crash, "and you can gather round and see me do it!"

For the moment Jacob J. bent his brows upon this desperate haste-to-the-wedding fellow, with a curious expression.

"Yes," he returned quietly. "I expect I'll be round—some place or other."

"If I'm wrong," went on Mr. Blakeley, "if he doesn't love me, I'll—I'll be the first to say so, and—go away." There was a strange little note in his pleasant voice that made the little Money King glance at him quickly. "I shall always love her. I did from the first moment I saw her, and I shall never forget her. But I'll be no suppliant—there'll be no whining, crawling round after a love that is not for me. I'll take my answer and go. I shall wish for her happiness, and regret her love all the days of my life. It's for her decision—I can't say more."

Mr. Schornhurst sat very still—his eyes were fixed upon the ugly face towering above him; and again that curious expression was in their sunken depths.

"No," he said thoughtfully, "you can't. You're an amazing young man. I don't just remember to have bumped across anything like you before. I've been trying to pull you out a bit. I don't figure to trade my daughter as I would a bunch of securities—so the money side of it doesn't cut much ice with me. I reckon," he concluded, "we'll leave it to Ronny to say what will happen."

(To be continued.)

"Ah!" said Mr. Schornhurst thoughtfully.

"Ah!" said Mr. Schornhurst thoughtfully.

"Ah!" said Mr. Schornhurst thoughtfully.

"Ah!" said Mr. Schornhurst thoughtfully.

Free Pattern

DAINTY CAMI-KNICKERS

GIVEN INSIDE THIS WEEK'S WOMAN'S LIFE

ON SALE MONDAY, MAY 7th. THREEPENCE.

If you are unable to obtain a copy, send 6d. to George Newnes Ltd., 251, Northampton St., Strand, London W.C.2.

GRAVES EXPRESS ENGLISH LEVER

The best Genuine English Lever Watch in the world. One always depends upon it.

7-11

It is a great relief to know that your watch is reliable. It is a great relief to know that your watch is reliable. It is a great relief to know that your watch is reliable.

Bubbling Over with Joy

That's the feeling Maison Lyons Toffee always gives. It is so rich, so creamy; you are so pleased with the first piece you have that you feel there could be nothing more delightful than to have another—and even another.

Maison Lyons TOFFEE

6d 1/4 lb. and 10 1/2d. Tins.

SOLD IN ALL LYONS' TEASHOPS And by AGENTS EVERYWHERE

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

The Bath Room of Perfection Home

PERFECTION SOAP

If any room should be clean it is the bath-room. The Perfection bath-room radiates cleanliness from the white towels and bath-mats to the linoleum. It looks as cheery as you do after a good, hot, invigorating "tub."

Perfection Soap is all at your service. It yields an abundance of pure lather, every bubble of which is a little vacuum cleaner working overtime.

Perfection is hard on the dirt, but light on the hands.

£10,000 IN CASH

For Perfection users. See particulars in cartoon, or cut out this advertisement and send it with your name and address to £10,000 Dept., Joseph Crossfield & Sons Ltd., Warrington, for details of their great competition.

JOSEPH CROSSFIELD & SONS LTD. WARRINGTON.

KEMPTON PARK RACES

FRIDAY and SATURDAY NEXT,
MAY 11th and 12th.

First Race each day at 2 o'clock.

Great Jubilee Handicap of £3,000
RUN ON SATURDAY.

Constant Special Trains will leave Waterloo
and other South Western Stations direct to
the Grand Stand.

Also Tubes and Trams to Hampton Church,
close to the Park.

ADMISSION TO PARK . . . 3/-
(including tax).

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"One of the Biggest Operators in Future Events."

DERBY. One-third odds a place.
1000 to 1 on the Derby.
1000 to 1 on the Derby.
1000 to 1 on the Derby.

JUBILEE. One-third odds a place.
1000 to 1 on the Jubilee.
1000 to 1 on the Jubilee.
1000 to 1 on the Jubilee.

PLACING THEM 1, 2, 3 in the JUBILEE.

PLACING THEM 1, 2, 3 in the DERBY.

PLACING THEM 1, 2, 3 in the DERBY.

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PLACING THEM 1, 2, 3 in the DERBY.

THE TURF

BY LARRY LYNX

"The People" cannot be carried by post
with readers, but will answer through
"The People" any letter or general query
concerning the Turf. Address: "The People,"
"The People," "The People," "The People."

THE CHESTER CHEESES.

MAY BE TAKEN BY HAPPY MAN, SILURIAN AND
KING DAVID.

THERE are three prize cheeses for the
owners of the first three horses in the
Chester Cup on Wednesday, and these
three cheeses are much sought after. In
fact, the new lease of life which the big
race on the "soup-plate" course has
taken can be dated from the time these
cheeses were added to the stakes.

Southerners who have not been racing on
the Rooede have no conception of the
immense interest taken in the race. It is
indeed the Derby of the north-west.

HAPPY MAN was cruelly unlucky last
year when favourite in crashing into the
rails. He was taken off the course in a
condition suggesting he would never run
again, but his trainer, Hogg, has got him
all right again. We saw that at Newbury,
when he was running out of his distance.

He has had a thorough preparation and
his owner, Mr. Fred Hardy, fully expects
him to win.

His weight (9 st.) is 2 lb. less than last
year, and it is significant that he only
gives last year's winner, Chivalrous, 3 lb.
as against 25 lb. This is a big difference,
even granted that Chivalrous won with a
stone in hand and then confirmed the
form at Manchester—but later he seemed
to go to pieces.

Irish Belfry and Others.

Silurian will be all the better for his
Epsom outing. He was favourite and
finished fifth for the Great Met. I expect
him to do much better here. Hunt
law is a horse that many have been
the look-out for. I am not so sure
that he is as reliable as when he won the
Northumberland Plate, but it is in his
favour that he can get the full distance.

The Manton Candidate.

On some of his form JUNIOR is one to
be taken into full account. But I have
no reliable information as to his present
well-being. But Junior is certain to win
in his turn later. Highrow and Epit-
head, I expect, will give way to return,
and his forward run at Epsom, may not be good enough.
HELLMAN has been a tip for a long
time, and with his light weight he may
cut a prominent figure. It was not a
bad performance on his part at Lincoln, when
fifth to Groomsport, for the latter was
a White Bird stable, has for months been
a strong North-country tip. A doubt has
been expressed as to his ability to get
the course, but it has to be remembered
that this is not an ordinary 2½-mile course,
but a very easy one.

The only other that I think need be
considered is KING DAVID. He is about
Ireland, was quite a good performer
and considered much in front of Grooms-
port.

My view is that whatever beats
HAPPY MAN
will win and that SILURIAN and KING
DAVID may come out next best.

CLASSIC POSITION.

LESSONS FROM GUINEAS'
RUNNING.

The Derby is left in a gloriously open
position as a result of the two Thousand
Guineas win of Ellangowan. I do not
suppose, however, that there was any
doubt about this success. On the con-
trary, the best horse on the day won.
There was justification for my selection of
Twelve Pounder in the fact that he
started favourite. But he was fretting
at the post and then got moved up with
the tapes at the start. He then got going,
and in my opinion had every chance, but
did not, to my mind, strike out as one
could wish when he should have done so.

Of course, as I suggested last week,
eight to ten years ago, he was just about
a gallop or two—and yet in the paddock
he had looked as fit as anything. It
was a desperately near thing between
the winner and Knockout, who was
running for the first time. Will he be
Gillips best at all? The more about
Twelve Pounder, had almost vanished last
week at headquarters. He is now being
galloped on a course which suits him—
left hand inside as at Epsom. He has an
antipathy to galloping in a right-hand
inside course at Newmarket.

Manton's Bad Luck.

The forward position of the sprinter
Dorsey rather discounted the form in
last Wednesday's race, and it was be-
lieved Papyrus will be all the better by
Derby time. The Manton luck is ap-
parently dead out, for Light Hand had
beaten Ellangowan readily enough in the
Tavern stakes. It is yet hoped that
Light Hand will be able to run in the
Derby, whilst I understand there is little
chance of his stable companion,
Bold and Bad.

A much more convincing win was that
of TRANQUIL in the One Thousand.
She simply smashed up her field, and I
see no reason why she should not also
do so in the Oaks, for the further they
have to go, the more will it be in her
favour. She stated better than many had
expected, and she was no doubt second
on her merits. Dorsey, third in the
Two Thousand, had been fourth to
Tranquil at Newbury. This was the
pointer that caused Tranquil to start
favourite. Here is another instance of
the difficulty of having to tip a week in
advance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUESTIONS.

QUESTIONS.

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THE WEEK'S CARDS.

LIKELY WINNERS NORTH AND
SOUTH.

Chester is not the meeting for stay-at-
home punters, for the draw here is of
more importance than on any other
course. A badly drawn horse over any
distance here is practically handicapped
out of it. Of course, there are exceptions,
but they are the exceptions that prove
the rule.

I expect to see NANE SNUGGER win
a race at the meeting, and if the Rooede
Handicap on Tuesday is his objective I
shall advise his supporters. The Chester
Vase may not bring out a big field, but it
is

POISONED ARROW
runs he may be the best thing of the
day. Then for the Belgrave Stakes I shall
rely on HIGHBROW, who may go for

WEEK'S BEST THING.

Larry Lynx's suggested Best
Thing of the Week is
ROMAN FIDDLE
at Chester on Thursday.

In preference to the Chester Cup,
whilst our only other wager on the open-
ing afternoon is BACK SLAIR.

In addition to making our money on
HAPPY MAN for the Cup on Wednesday
I shall, with a run, be anxious to follow
CLIO F. for the Badminton Stakes, for
I am convinced this is a course that will
suit her. FARNION BRIDGE may take
the Stewards' Maiden Stakes, and I think
TWISTLE GLASS.

will well pay for following in the Stam-
ford Stakes.

On the concluding afternoon on the
Rooede EREHIMOS is likely to require
a lot of support for the Cornhill
Handicap, whilst I shall recommend
ROMAN FIDDLE.

As the best thing of the day for the Great
Chester Handicap I shall vote for LORD
DERBY'S SELVED for the Dee Stakes.
At Kempton on Friday CAPTAIN
CELTIC is likely to take the Prince of
Wales's Stakes, GROVING the Stewards'
Handicap, and ROYAL.

the Spring Stakes.

at Haydock Park on Friday, DUTCH
may be worth following for the Maker-
field Handicap, CELTIC MIST for the
Manor Handicap, and

DORSEY.

How many more times am I to inform my
readers that the Calcutta Turf Club Excess
tickets are not now issued. Those who wish
to indulge in this mode of speculation
are reminded that the £25,000 for the
sweep organized by Mr. P. L. Smyth of
Dublin, has been deposited with the Bank of
Ireland. Applications for tickets, 10/-
should be made direct to Mr. P. L. Smyth,
Dublin, and not to Switzerland. I have
received an invitation to attend the draw.

R. J. Duggan,

Turf Accountant,
DUBLIN

Telegraphic Address:
"DUGGSWEEP"
DUBLIN

Phone:
Dublin 5555
(Private Branch Exchange).

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SHOULD BE
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—Vide Press.

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3rd Odds for Places.
Market Prices Guaranteed.

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A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT.

Don't Delay. Post To-day.

DOUGLAS STUART.

Note his Address, and don't
be confused,
5, DRURY ST., GLASGOW.

THE JUBILEE.

WILL SOUBRIQUET IMPROVE
UPON EPSOM?

I shall have another opportunity of
dealing with the Jubilee at Kempton
Park in our edition of Saturday morning.
But many of our provincial readers are
anxious for a little earlier advice. Royal
Alarms was a smart winner for us at
Newbury, but you cannot eat your cake
and have it, and so a 10th. penalty ap-
parently puts him out of it. The withdrawal
of Blandford was a big blow to early
punters, for he had been favourite in
the lists. He was, I believe, a difficult
horse to train. So Soubriquet gave rather a
peculiar display in the City and
Suburban, for after being hopelessly in
the rear rank she was putting in some
rare work at the finish.

It was not her best form—of that I am
convinced—but I do not think stable con-
fidence in her is very strong, and to
my mind the Kempton course will
suit her much better than Epsom, for
we have to remember her form at Ken-
ton last year. Fondoland is well, and
expected to go close. Conover did well
enough in the City to hold most of the
outsiders in check, and is told to keep
an eye on Crubenmore, whilst George
Drake may be best of those lower down
the list.

At present I like best the prospects of
SOUBRIQUET,
but shall know more about the position
of affairs in my later notes at the week-
end.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

HURST PARK AND RIFON
RESULTS.

2.0 PALACE SELLING PLATE.—M.
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

2.30 CARDINALS TWO-YEAR-OLD SEL-
LING PLATE.—M.
ENGLAND'S (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
ENGLAND'S (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
ENGLAND'S (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

3.10 VICTORIA CUP (Handicap).—M.
GALLANT (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
GALLANT (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
GALLANT (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

4.15 CLAREMONT TWO-YEAR-OLD
PLATE.—M.
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

5.00 RAINBOW TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—M.
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

6.00 GIVENDALE SELLING WELTER
HANDICAP.—M.
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

7.00 CLARE TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—M.
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

8.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
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MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1

9.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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10.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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11.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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12.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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13.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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14.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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15.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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16.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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17.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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18.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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19.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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20.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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21.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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22.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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23.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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24.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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25.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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26.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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27.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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28.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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29.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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30.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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31.00 NEWBY PLATE.—M.
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MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2) 1
MIDMORE (Mr. W. G. Langlands, 5-9 1/2)

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These pills are a complete cure for all female ailments, including irregularities, pain, and weakness. They are made from the finest ingredients and are guaranteed to be effective.

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Remember you want wavy hair with this cream. It gives you the most beautiful, wavy hair without the use of any other product.

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It is a well-known fact that a woman's complexion is the key to her beauty. Blushing is a natural and healthy sign of good circulation and vitality.

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Remember you want wavy hair with this cream. It gives you the most beautiful, wavy hair without the use of any other product.

FREE Rich Wavy Hair

Remember you want wavy hair with this cream. It gives you the most beautiful, wavy hair without the use of any other product.

FREE Rich Wavy Hair

Remember you want wavy hair with this cream. It gives you the most beautiful, wavy hair without the use of any other product.

LADIES! GO TO ANY CHEMIST & GET BLANCHARD'S FEMALE PILLS.

These pills are a complete cure for all female ailments, including irregularities, pain, and weakness. They are made from the finest ingredients and are guaranteed to be effective.

FREE Rich Wavy Hair

Remember you want wavy hair with this cream. It gives you the most beautiful, wavy hair without the use of any other product.

TOWLE'S FOR LADIES PILLS

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PROBATE, DIVORCE AND ADMIRALTY DIVISION (PROBATE). To the next of kin (if any) and all others having an interest in the estate of the late **JOHN BARNARD**, who died on the 14th day of March, 1923, at his residence, 14, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

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